

Get Pearson's Penny "HELEN'S BABIES." Edition of

P.W. PEARSON'S P.W.
100,000 PRIZES COUPON.
June 17th, 1899.
P.W. No. 6. P.W.

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GOVERNMENT
STATEMENT:
"Wherever the
ASTEUR
(Chamberland)
FILTER
has been introduced
TYPHOID
FEVER
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The only Filter the profession
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Sole Licensees and Sole
DEPOT & SONS LTD.
VICTORIA, BRANCHES: 140 & 142 BROAD-
WAY, E.C. Write for Catalogue.
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PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

1/2 PINT
BOTTLES.
"Sanitas"
Disinfecting
Fluid.
COLORLESS,
FRAGRANT,
NON-POISONOUS.
ALSO
POWDER SOAPS.
EMBROCATION, &c.

No. 465.]

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WEEK ENDING JUNE 17, 1899.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

YOU CANNOT BE SURE THAT IT IS
GALLAHER'S
"TWO FLAKES"
TOBACCO.
YOU ARE BUYING UNLESS YOU INSIST ON GETTING IT
IN THEIR 1, 2, or 4 oz. DECORATED TINS,
SECURED BY PATENT BAND.

ALL WHO DESIRE
TO HAVE
SOFT
VELVETY
SKIN
CAN OBTAIN IT
BY USING
Laarola
LAIT
IT IS
UNEQUALLED
AS A
SKIN TONIC
AND
EMOLLIENT.
It removes all
ROUGHNESS, TAN, RED-
NESS, IRRITATION, &c.,
in a very short time.
Sole Makers—M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM.

FIRST
in 1888,
FOREMOST
ever since.

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Handsomely illustrated Booklet—"All
About Dunlop Tyres for
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application.

The DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY LTD., ALMA STREET, COVENTRY
100 to 108 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.
Branches: Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Nottingham, Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, &c.

"NO BETTER FOOD."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., &c., &c.
Fry's **PURE**
CONCENTRATED
275
Gold Medals, &c. **Cocoa**

CAUTION.—Refuse substitutes which are frequently pushed to
secure additional profit. Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa is sold only in
tins with Gilt Tops.

Cadbury's
Cocoa

CADBURY'S
cocoa.

"The Standard of highest
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Entirely free from all
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Kola, Malt, Hops, &c.
No Alkali used to darken
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ABSOLUTELY PURE, THEREFORE BEST.

Insist on having CADBURY'S as other Cocoas
are often substituted for the sake of extra
profit. Sold only in packets and tins.

REFRESHING,
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IN PACKETS

Used in all the
"Happy Homes of England"



Yorkshire Relish

Most Delicious Sauce
In the World



No appetite, Old Chap!
You try a spoonful of Y.R. that's
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YORKSHIRE RELISH

Makes the Plainest Viands Palatable, and the Daintiest Dishes more Delicious.
Enriches Soups, Stews, Chops, Steaks, Fish, &c. Sold in bottles, 6d., 1s., & 2s. each.

Beware of Substitutions. Sole Proprietors: GOODALL, BAKKHOUSE & CO., SHEFF.

THE FROG & THE

Bull. Of course you've heard the story. One hot summer's day a big bull came down to a muddy pond to slake its thirst. Near the pond was a baby frog, who never in its long history had seen so big a creature as a bull, and so lost in wonder she hastened to tell her mother. "Oh! mother!" exclaimed the Baby Frog, "I've seen such a big, big thing." The mother in all her long history had never seen a bigger creature than herself, so she inspired deeply and blew out her body to large proportions, and, panting for breath, said to her baby daughter: "W-was it as b-b-big as that?" "Oh! mamma!" cried the baby frog, "it was heaps bigger than that." The mother frog made a series of desperate efforts, and inspiring more deeply than ever blew out her body to its utmost proportions with the result—it BUST!!! Pride and ambition killed poor froggy, pity it hadn't more sense. Now, dear reader, you are sensible, then read this sensible statement; you'll not regret it."

Mr. Wm. Green, of the *Leader* Office, Lincoln, was a martyr to Liver complaint, and looked like a living, dead man. To-day, after taking Page Woodcock's Wind Pills, he looks like living to enjoy good health for many days to come. Mr. R. C. Hartley, of South Park, Lincoln, tells a similar story.

All sufferers from Indigestion, Liver Complaints, Wind on the Stomach, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Nervous Debility, Biliousness, Palpitation of the Heart, &c., should avail themselves of Page Woodcock's Wind Pills.

Page Woodcock's Wind Pills being purely Vegetable, Tasteless, and Mild and Tonic in their action, may be taken with perfect safety by the most delicate of either sex.

All Medicine Vendors at 1/12, 2/6, and 4/6.

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KILLS FLEAS, MOSQUITOES, BEETLES, ANTS, &c. Entirely different from other insect powders. Harmless to Dogs and Cats. Sold in 6d. and 1s. tins by all Chemists and Grocers, or sent free for stamps from the Sole Manufacturer, TUNNING AND WHEAT, Reading. (Proprietors of the celebrated "FLY ORIENT").

"ROYAL AJAX" CYCLES

120 Price List Free. Wonderful bargain. All prices. Carriage Paid. Daily run from 11 to 12. Old Cycles exchanged. 1 year's guarantee. All accessories included. Price 7/6. 2/6. 3/6. 4/6. 5/6. 6/6. 7/6. 8/6. 9/6. 10/6. 11/6. 12/6. 13/6. 14/6. 15/6. 16/6. 17/6. 18/6. 19/6. 20/6. 21/6. 22/6. 23/6. 24/6. 25/6. 26/6. 27/6. 28/6. 29/6. 30/6. 31/6. 32/6. 33/6. 34/6. 35/6. 36/6. 37/6. 38/6. 39/6. 40/6. 41/6. 42/6. 43/6. 44/6. 45/6. 46/6. 47/6. 48/6. 49/6. 50/6. 51/6. 52/6. 53/6. 54/6. 55/6. 56/6. 57/6. 58/6. 59/6. 60/6. 61/6. 62/6. 63/6. 64/6. 65/6. 66/6. 67/6. 68/6. 69/6. 70/6. 71/6. 72/6. 73/6. 74/6. 75/6. 76/6. 77/6. 78/6. 79/6. 80/6. 81/6. 82/6. 83/6. 84/6. 85/6. 86/6. 87/6. 88/6. 89/6. 90/6. 91/6. 92/6. 93/6. 94/6. 95/6. 96/6. 97/6. 98/6. 99/6. 100/6. 101/6. 102/6. 103/6. 104/6. 105/6. 106/6. 107/6. 108/6. 109/6. 110/6. 111/6. 112/6. 113/6. 114/6. 115/6. 116/6. 117/6. 118/6. 119/6. 120/6. 121/6. 122/6. 123/6. 124/6. 125/6. 126/6. 127/6. 128/6. 129/6. 130/6. 131/6. 132/6. 133/6. 134/6. 135/6. 136/6. 137/6. 138/6. 139/6. 140/6. 141/6. 142/6. 143/6. 144/6. 145/6. 146/6. 147/6. 148/6. 149/6. 150/6. 151/6. 152/6. 153/6. 154/6. 155/6. 156/6. 157/6. 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Available from 5 p.m., Friday, June 9th, 1899, until midnight, Saturday, June 17th, 1899. For full particulars see page 82.

[ONE PENNY.

M. A. P., a weekly Society Paper, is edited by T. P. O'Connor, M.P., the most brilliant journalist of the day.
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SERIES OF SIX SHORT STORIES.

DORA MYRL, the Lady Detective.

By M. McDONNELL BODKIN.

IV.—THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST.

"MAY I come in, Miss Myrl?"

He came in as he spoke, a young fellow, well dressed, handsome, with laughing brown eyes full of fun and mischief.

Dora wheeled sharply round on her office chair and stared at him.

"Don't look at me like that, please." He held his shiny hat before his face as if to shield himself from her eyes, and spoke from behind it. "I danced three dances with you the night before at Lord Millicent's and sat out one in the conservatory, and you gave me leave to call. Now don't you remember?"

"No, I don't remember."

She had to bite her lips to keep back a smile, for there was a delightful audacity in the young fellow's manner.

"That's awful! But you remember the conservatory, don't you?"

"Yes, I remember the conservatory."

"And I asked to be let call, and you said 'no' so prettily that I knew you meant yes."

She shook her head.

"Well, perhaps I was mistaken; you said it so very nicely. Anyhow, I am here now, and I know you'll give me a cup of tea before you turn me out. May I sit down? Thanks. I want to have a talk with you. I didn't in the least know who you were last night. The Gov. told me—you know my Governor, Miss Myrl, Sir Gregory Grant; he's half in love with you, he is, upon my soul. The Gov. and I are great old pals; we always have a cigar after the dance, and tell each other everything."

"Glad to see you show good taste at last, my boy," said the Gov. to me that night."

"Do you mean that nice little girl in pink, sir?" I asked.

"Who else?"

"A dear, innocent little thing; I'm over head and ears in love with her already. I mean to propose as soon as I find out her name."

"The Governor burst out laughing; then the cigar smoke went the wrong way and nearly choked him."

"Propose, indeed," he coughed. "She would not look at a young puppy like you. Your dear, innocent little girl is Miss Dora Myrl, the famous Cambridge wrangler and lady detective."

"But I could see the Gov. was dead jealous. Please tell me he was all wrong?"

"Well, I certainly am Dora Myrl. I don't know about the famous."

"Oh, the famous is all right; that's not what I meant. But if I were to propose?"

"I should instantly refuse you," said Dora, laughing in spite of herself.

"Then we'll consider that's all over. Now we're good friends, aren't we? Girls always are with the chaps they refuse, and I want you to do me a good turn for another friend of mine, Miss Myrl."

He dropped the light burlesque he played so prettily. For the first time Dora began to suspect there was a meaning in his visit.

"You are serious this time?" she asked.

"Quite. My father told me about you, and I can see for myself you are a good sort, and—"

"Tell me your story," said Dora, cutting him short.

"Well, you know Sir Warner Hershaw?"

"I don't know much good of him. I know that he gambles—cards, horses, stock exchange; anything and everything, and makes it pay. If he backs a horse it generally wins; if he lays against a horse it always loses. If his name is in a directorate the shares soar—at first."

"You don't like Sir Warner?"

"No, though he makes belief that he likes me. He's too handsome and gracious and lucky for my taste."

"That's all right. Sir Warner has laid unholy hands on my cousin and chief pal, Lord Wellmount, who is the dearest chap living, but as innocent as they make them. Wellmount came into his estate and fortune last year. It's a big thing, for he and the estate were at nurse together. He's scattering the money with both hands ever since. Three months ago Sir Warner eased him of £10,000. He'll ease him of £50,000 in three weeks' time, I do believe, if you won't lend us a helping hand."

"But how—how? Tell your story straight out, can't you?"

She spoke sharply. Grant opened his eyes in amazement. This was a new Dora. He could hardly believe it was the same girl with whom he had interchanged gay badinage in the drawing-room and conservatory the night before.

"It was this way. You may have heard Warner has bought a fine old place—Wolverholt. He goes in for big house parties which are good fun in their way. There are tennis courts, cricket ground, golf links, and a private racecourse within the ring fence of the demesne. Now Sir Warner has a wonderful horse—'The Jumping Frog' he calls him—that won the Grand National at thirty to one two years ago; and Wellmount has a better horse still, to my thinking, that won at evens last year. Since then both horses have been handicapped out of everything as the two best steeplechasers in the United Kingdom. They had never met till about four months ago. Sir Warner proposed a private match on his own racecourse for a ten thousand bet, and Sir Warner won."

"Well," said Myrl, "there's not much in that. No one can tell for certain which of two good horses is the best."

"Give me a little time, Miss Myrl. It was a grand race."

'Gone Away'—that's Lord Wellmount's—led the whole way. He was five lengths ahead, going well within himself, at the second last fence that led into the straight. It was a big, thick bullfinch, but nothing to stop such a fencer. He rose to it beautifully, I saw him, made no mistake in the jump, but stood stock still shivering on the other side, and his jockey couldn't get a stir out of him with whip or spur; while 'Jumping Frog' romped home past the winning post. The most curious thing of all is that in two minutes more 'Gone Away' was as fresh as paint again, and there was not a mark on him anywhere. He looked like a horse that got a bad fright, but there was nothing to frighten him."

"I suppose not," said Dora. "But, anyway, this business is clear over; you cannot go back on that old race."

There was a touch of disappointment in her voice.

"It's beginning all over again," said Archie Grant eagerly. "They have a new match on in three weeks—fifty thousand aside this time. Lord Wellmount thinks his the better horse; I think so, too. But all the same I'm sure he'll get licked. I have just discovered that Sir Warner is laying heavily with the bookies on his own nomination. It is even betting with Wellmount; but he's giving the bookies three to two and even two to one when he cannot get on easier. Now Sir Warner is not the man to do that unless it was a dead certainty. To make matters worse Wellmount has taken it into his head to run over to America in a steam yacht and left me in sole charge of horse and race."

"What do you want me to do about it?"

"I'd like you to go down for the race."

"But I cannot go without an invitation."

"Oh, that's easy enough managed. The Aylmers are going down. Jolly woman Mrs. Aylmer, and she just raves about you, Miss Myrl. She said she will be delighted to take you down under her wing. She told me so yesterday herself."

"You seem to have laid your plans very confidently?"

"Oh, Sir Warner is always glad to welcome a pretty girl. You don't mind me saying that? I'll be there, too, if that's any inducement."

"It isn't. You'll be in the way, I've no doubt. Still, I wouldn't have you stay away on my account."

"Then you'll come?"

"Yes, I'll come."

"By the way," Grant added suddenly, "there's one thing I forgot to tell you. It's not of any consequence really, but I suppose you should know everything. The telegraph broke down just after the race. I mentioned, didn't I, that Sir Warner had the telegraph run in from the road to the racecourse for the occasion. No? Well he had. But when Lord Wellmount wanted to send a message it was found the wire had been cut about seven miles away, right opposite a shooting box of Sir Warner's—a place for lunch and all that sort of thing—on the edge of the estate. Curious, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Dora assented slowly, "very curious."

The arrangement worked without a hitch. Dora had a very hearty welcome from Sir Warner. The wicked, black eyes lighted at sight of the bright, piquant little woman, whose pretensions as a detective he regarded with good-humoured amusement.

Dora and Archie Grant struck up a mild flirtation, under cover of which they were constantly on the grounds with golf sticks or tennis bats, or on the road with their bicycles, exploring.

The big, black bullfinch was a special object of interest to Dora. It was a very high, thick hedge, but with no heavy timber in it that could stop or hurt a horse, and stood in a secluded little dip of the grounds quite out of sight of the house. Here, secretly exploring with Grant, she made three curious discoveries. On the ground close to the roots of the blackthorns they picked up a number of grains of what looked like buckshot, but on the black and blue rust being rubbed off they proved to be pellets of red copper. Searching the branches they discovered a few thin, tattered fragments of the oil silk or gutta percha tissue that is used in medicine, and finally Dora dug out of the ground near the inner edge of the fence a small medicine bottle with a narrow neck, quite empty.

Grant was more and more bewildered at each discovery.

"I think I begin to see light," Dora said, "but we will wait."

So they waited for ten days more, and all was made ready for the race. The telegraph was brought in again from the road close at hand to the racecourse. Sir Warner employed his own electrical engineer for the purpose, a big, canny Yorkshireman named Shore, who, instead of poles, used a thin, insulated "cable" running in a shallow trench underground. He seemed to take his own time at the work, lolling about half the day lazily. When Dora, coming upon him the second day, said quite innocently, "I hope there will be no breakdown like the last time?" he just grinned half sheepishly and half amused, and went on with his work without answering.

"Would it be something too awful," she whispered to Grant the night but one before the race, "if we went for a little moonlight stroll on our bicycles?"

"Who'll know?" he answered delightedly.

The whole party were out on the moonlit lawn after dinner, each couple absorbed in its own affairs.

"I can bring the machines round," he said in a whisper, "to the dark corner of the avenue yonder."

"All right. I'll get some kind of dark cover-me-up and be with you in ten minutes."

In ten minutes they were smoothly skirting the demesne. When they came to a corner where they had a clear view of the bullfinch, Dora slipped from her saddle, motioning Grant to do the same. A big man, black in the moonlight, was at work on the fence. Dora watched him for a moment or two through a strong field glass.

"He is going," whispered Grant at her ear.

The man gathered his implements together and made his way out to the road. There his bicycle stood in the shadow of a wall. He slipped the bag over the handle bar and was up and away.

"What next?" Archie whispered. It was getting exciting.

"Follow—just keep him in sight."

They followed for about seven miles on a smooth road and saw the man turn into the gate of Sir Warner's little shooting box and disappear.

"Ah!" said Dora with a little pant of triumph, for she was out of breath, "now we may go home."

The lawn party was still absent on the lawn, and they got into the house without accident or discovery.

"The golf links after breakfast," said Dora to Grant as they said good night; "we can talk while we play."

They had the wide links to themselves, for the company were all absorbed in the coming race.

He knelt to make a "tee" for her.

"No sand, please. I drive from the flat."

She swung her driver with a free sweep, hit the ball a clean, sweet smack, plumb centre, and sent it sharp and low a good hundred yards straight for the hole. Grant drove his seventy yards further and landed in a bunker to the right.

"No more golf," said Dora as they strolled away together.

"I couldn't resist just one drive. But we have some quick work on hand. You were right, Mr. Grant, there has been foul play, and will be again if we don't stop it."

"I was sure of it, but how was the trick managed?"

"That I cannot tell you."

"Won't, you mean?"

"Well, won't, if you like that any better."

"We must stop the match, anyway."

"No, that's just it, the match must go on. The jockey takes his directions from you?"

"That's so."

"Will you take your directions from me?" she asked very earnestly.

"All right. You boss this show."

"Then 'Gone Away' must run a waiting race, and let 'Jumping Frog' lead into the straight."

"Can't be done," said Grant shortly.

"Why not? You don't trust me?"

"It's not that, Miss Myrl, 'pon my soul—it's not that; but the jockey couldn't do it if he would and wouldn't if he could. 'Gone Away' always makes the running, goes away like a locomotive from start to finish. Has got the temper of an angel if you give him his head, but he simply won't be passed. He'll break his heart if he is."

"He'll lose the race if he isn't. Now listen to me, Mr. Grant. Her voice had an angry ring in it. "You must do this for your friend's sake."

"You won't tell me why?"

"I won't. How do I know what folly you would be guilty of. But this I may tell you. If you follow my advice 'Gone Away' will win." Then, with a softening voice: "You said you could trust me?"

Grant was captured.

"And I will; here's my hand on it. But there's the jockey."

"What is he like?" she asked, "a swell?"

"Not a bit of it; he's just a decent stable boy. But he's as straight as a rush and rides like a demon. Sloan himself couldn't give him an ounce in a handicap, and he loves 'Gone Away' as his father and mother and brothers and sisters all rolled into one. He'll never pull him without knowing what for."

"Could I see him with you?"

"Now?"

"Now."

"I would like it of all things. He's most likely in the stable. He eats, drinks, smokes and sleeps in 'Gone Away's' loose box, talking to the horse half the time."

They heard the muttering of a voice as they came to the door of "Gone Away's" stable. "We'll take the puff out of Froggy this time won't we, old man," said the shrill voice as Grant lifted the latch.

At the click of the latch the boy turned and faced them so quickly that the up-turned stable bucket on which he was sitting toppled over with a crash, but his hand went up to his cap when he saw who they were.

He stood before them, lean and light and tough as a lath; a stolid, honest-looking lad with red hair and round, wide-open, light blue eyes; so light that you could barely tell where the white left off and the blue began.

"Ned," said Grant abruptly, eager to get the thing over, "I've come to change my instructions. You let 'Jumping Frog' make the running. Wait on him until the run home, and then—"

The boy flushed, and his china-blue eyes blinked.

"Ye want me to pull the horse? Then I'm hanged if I will. It's a blooming plant."

"Why, you infernal young cub," shouted Grant in a rage, swinging up his golf stick.

But Dora held his arm.

"Don't!" she whispered; "it's all right. I like the boy the better for this. Now, Ned, listen to me. It's no plant. We mean 'Gone Away' to win." She stroked the sleek neck of the handsome chestnut, who whinnied and danced a figure step in his litter from sheer lightheartedness. "I've got a thousand pounds on him myself at evens. Mr. Grant will have five thousand before night if he takes my advice, and put you on for five hundred. It will cost him nothing, for the race is a sure thing if you'll only obey orders."

"But I can't, Miss," pleaded the lad. "The horse goes off like a gun; there's no stopping him at first."

"All right, then—give him his head at the start. But take second place as soon as you can."

"I'll do it, Miss," said the lad with a glance of admiration at her bright face and trim figure. "I'll do it if I have to wrench my blooming arms out of the sockets."

The excitement was intense on the morning of the race, for every one of the fifty guests had betted heavily. A Royal personage who had intimated that he would be pleased by an invitation, at Hershaw's instance had put his money—a good deal of it—on "Jumping Frog." There were no bookmakers, and Archie Grant had the honour of

aking His Royal Highness at evens. The grand stand was packed half-an-hour before the race.

Dora stood at a corner almost opposite the black bullfinch, which she studied through a powerful field glass. Grant and Lord Wellmount, who had got down unexpectedly the night before, were together near the centre of the stand, but by Dora's advice Grant had told him nothing of their suspicions.

Soon the horses flashed by in a preliminary canter. "Jumping Frog," a big raking bay with black points, went with a long, loose stride that devoured the ground. "Gone Away" was smaller, cleaner built, and more compact. His hide had the colour and gloss of a ripe chestnut, and his stride was the spring of a roebuck.

The course was a clear circle, a little over two miles, the starting post not fifty yards from the winning post.

"Off!" Dora could see "Gone Away" with Ned Carruthers in green and gold, leap to the front. For the first three fields the green and gold drew further and further from the crimson and black. Then the horses came slowly together.

Lord Wellmount dropped his glass. "The cub's pulling, confound him," he snapped. But Grant answered not a word.

Ned Carruthers was tugging at the reins with both hands, and Sam Roper on "Jumping Frog" crept slowly level in spite of himself. Their silks brushed lightly as they flew the hurdles together. But as they landed Roper jabbed "Gone Away" viciously in the flank with spurred heel, and at the sting of the steel the fiery chestnut broke away from all control. Again the distance widened between the horses. Now they come racing into the field with the black bullfinch at the end of it, "Gone Away" in full stride a good three lengths ahead.

"Egad! the horse will win yet in spite of that cub," muttered the delighted owner.

Dora's face was ghastly, and her teeth clenched as the thud of flying horses on the sward and the gleam of bright silk came nearer and nearer.

She waved her hand with a frantic gesture to the foremost rider. Ned Carruthers suddenly let his whip drop by the loop at his wrist, gripped the right rein with both hands, and wrenched the horse's head round till his neck took the curve of a bent bow, and "Gone Away" slid broadside to the fence and almost broke into it.

"Jumping Frog" was up in a second afterwards. He rose to his fence beautifully; but halfway over he shuddered like a bird, shot in mid-air, and came down on the other side a limp heap. Then he stumbled to his feet again and stood shivering, heedless of the spur.

Meanwhile Ned Carruthers whirled his horse round for a short run, bored through the hedge with a scramble, and cantered home an easy winner amid tumultuous cheering.

Sir Warner Hershaw stormed; the placid mask had fallen off, for he was terribly hard hit.

"It's a swindle," he growled out. "I'll swear I'll not pay!"

"What the devil do you mean, sir?" cried Lord Wellmount angrily.

But Dora Myrl quietly interposed.

"Before this goes further, Sir Warner," she said, "I'd like a word or two with you."

He looked into the clear, steady, grey eyes in which there was now no trace of the arch gaiety that charmed him. Then for the first time he recognised the kind of woman he had to deal with, and guessed, too, by whom he had been checkmated.

"There has been foul play, Sir Warner," Dora said quietly as they walked together out of hearing of the others; "but the foul play has been your own. Don't wriggle so and don't curse. I can tell you precisely how the thing was done. The electric generator was worked at your shooting lodge by your good friend, Mr. Shore, who hitched it on to the cut telegraph wire. A tubing of gutta percha tissue, with copper buckshot inside of it, was run through the thick branches of the blackthorn and insulated at the far end. The first horse through the fence broke the tubing, scattered the buckshot, made the connection, and got I don't know how many volts of electricity through his body. It was a neat trap, Sir Warner, but it caught the wrong bird this time. 'You aimed at the pigeon and shot the crow.' There's no use making a fuss. You've got to pay up, or own up, whichever you choose."

Sir Warner paid up.

(Next week: "The Pauper's Legacy.")

MR. HIBORN: "By what unit of measurement could you properly estimate a man's devotion to you?"

Miss Lowe: "The carat."

"THIS wireless telegraphy is a great thing."

"I don't know; if my wife gets it I'll have so many bundles to carry home that they won't let me ride on the bus."

SHE: "Anything that is worth winning is worth working for."

He: "Yes, but the question is, will your father thaw, or will I have to keep on working for you after I've won you?"

"THAT professor says that Shakespeare's women are not intellectual."

"Of course not. Look at Ophelia, going out in the woods and picking flowers when she might have made Hamlet buy them for her."

"I TELL you my wife knows a thing or two. The people who inhabit the neighbourhood into which we have just moved look at us with awe."

"How did she manage it?"

"Engaged two of the biggest vans in town to move us, when all our goods might have been transported in a greengrocer's cart without overloading it."

WILD ANIMALS IN BRITISH PARKS.

EMUS, KANGAROOS, AND ZEBRAS ROAM OVER LORD
ROTHSCHILD'S PARK, AND LORD BREADALBANE
KEEPS BISONS AND SHOUS.

FASHION is a strange incomprehensible thing. Till recently rich Colonials or American millionaires eagerly snapped at estates if deer parks figured in the sale; but the fashion has now changed, and since it has been shown that most animals, even those peculiar to tropical countries, can be acclimatised, the popularity of the deer has slowly faded.

Lord Rothschild's park, at Tring, is crammed with strangers to our isle. Stately emus, American ostriches, Bennett kangaroos, beside a large assortment of other animals, may be seen living together in good health and perfect amity.

People with a weakness for good profits should set their friends abroad to send them some zebras, which are just now all the rage. The Rothschild ladies are very much attached to the zebras, which go admirably in harness.

There used to be 1,500 animals, mostly foreign, in Knowsley Park, the seat of the Earl of Derby. On the accession, however, of the late Earl the collection, which had cost £50,000, was dispersed. At the sale they realised £8,000.

The Prince of Wales at the present time is taking a keen interest in foreign birds and animals. During the last two years he has been stocking his preserves with the impayan, a bird somewhat resembling the pheasant, and found only in the most inaccessible parts of the Himalaya Mountains. We have no game birds which can compare with them in size and plumage. They breed well, are strong on the wing, and afford capital sport.

When the youthful Duke of Sutherland went honeymooning in Eastern waters with his stately young Duchess, he explored Thibet, and there came across the shou, a mighty beast, something like a stag.

As the Marquis of Breadalbane has succeeded in acclimatising the American bison at Taymouth, the Duke is of opinion that the shou will do very well at Trentham, the finest place in Staffordshire. There the shou will make the acquaintance of the eland, a sort of antelope, which is doing so well in this country. In a letter the Duke says: "Elands breed well and require no more attention than cattle."

Every sportsman agrees on the fine quality of the meat of the eland. His brisket is a truly dainty bit fit to set before a king. We are told that it is intended shortly to open a shop in London for the sale of eland meat. If the meat is sold at a reasonable price the shop will be a great success, for its flavour is delicious.

Viscount Hill has a splendid herd of elands at Hawkstone, Shropshire. Lord Breadalbane, at Taymouth, has some Indian antelopes all in good health; so also has Lord Egerton of Tatton, who bought his at the Knowsley sale.

Woburn Park, Beds, just now presents a most extraordinary appearance, a large portion being occupied with huge inclosures in which roam the rarest animals obtainable from all parts of the world.

After being acclimatised by a graduated scale of temperature, they are turned loose and seem to find Woburn very much to their liking. So much so, indeed, that many of them regard visitors as intruders.

P.W. on the occasion of his visit somehow incurred the displeasure of a blue bull called the Nylghai, whose steady gaze seemed so entirely the reverse of friendly that P.W. sought with much expedition the safety of a neighbouring copse which some Chinese pheasants have made their home. Grand birds these, the gorgeous plumage culminating in a tail trailing the ground to the length of fully five feet.

In consequence of the decreasing size of the deer of England, Lord Rosebery, it is said, contemplates introducing into this country the deer which marches along the shores of the Black Sea. This is a grand stag of grey colour, a huge skull, white quarters, and heavy horns.

If his lordship instructs his agents to ransack the mountains of Asia Minor, and those of the Caucasus which branch off through Persia into the Valley of Kashmir, he will find even finer specimens. Expense being no object, he will, if he goes as far as Nipai, make the acquaintance of the grandest stags. Sir John McNeil brought the first living specimen of this splendid animal to England in 1841. The last imported died at Knowsley in 1849.

Here is an opening for enterprising P.W. readers in search of novelty, health, and cash. Go to Nipai and buy all the deer you can get hold of. If you can devise a way of transporting them to this country a handsome fortune awaits you. As all the deer in our English parks suffer in breeding, there will be no difficulty in obtaining really princely prices.

Thibet deer would be quite a good investment. To transport a stag from the plateau of that inaccessible region presents formidable obstacles, it is true, but it could be done.

Hunters after living specimens when in Nipai should look out for the Golden Harassingha deer, another noble creature which would do well here. Arctic and

Antarctic explorations having become fashionable, we beg to submit the claims of the Tartarian roe.

This beautiful creature must by this time have so wearied of its northern home that he would be glad to be provided with a change.

Although as an ornamental animal the eland is considered hard to beat, its beauty is, nevertheless, excelled by that of the koodoo, which, considering the ease with which it could be acclimatised, it is wonderful that country seats have not been flooded with them. It is an animal not only beautiful in itself, but combines flesh of the finest quality with great rapidity of growth, fecundity, and hardness of constitution.

If the sportsmen of this country were a little more enterprising, and, instead of going year after year to Scotland to take hot shots against tame stags, were to betake themselves abroad, there is no reason why venison should not be sold as cheaply as butchers' meat. Both the koodoo and the eland arrive at maturity with such rapidity, their weight and capacity for feeding so great that, setting aside their value as ornamental additions to the parks of this country it would pay to breed them for food supply. In so new a field of enterprise funds would not be wanting.

It is not generally known that there is in England at the present moment a herd of wild goats nearly as big as donkeys, and of such indescribable ferocity that at certain seasons of the year it is unsafe to approach them. These curious animals have occupied their present home close on 800 years.

So greatly are they prized by the family to whom they belong that £20,000 would not buy them. Indeed, their purchaser would be likely to regret his bargain, for it is certain that they would not leave their present quarters without offering a desperate resistance.

Some thieves tried to kidnap them years ago when the family were on the Continent. But it proved a disastrous failure. Two of the assailants were so seriously injured that for a time their lives were despaired of. It is for this reason that we withhold the name of the nobleman's seat where they are to be found.

The finest wild cattle in England have, as most people know, made their home in the almost inaccessible wilds of Chillingham Park, Northumberland, the seat of the Earl of Tankerville. They are absolutely untameable.

The Prince of Wales had a narrow escape some years since when hunting these cattle. The horse he was on took fright and galloped towards the herd, which remained motionless, as if lost in astonishment at the daring of the rider.

The next moment a stately bull lowered his head and charged straight at the Prince, who was trying to curb his unmanageable steed. Fortunately he never lost his presence of mind, and at the very moment when his friends gave him up for lost, he recovered mastery of his horse, and, drawing aside as the beast came thundering past, galloped back to his party.

A splendid breed of wild cattle roam the lovely park of the ducal house of Hamilton, in Scotland.

He kissed her! She neither drew back nor turned red, And she did not deliver a slap on his ear;

He kissed her! No word by the lady was said— She had ceased to be thrilled—they'd been married a year.

MRS. FOLEIGH: "Oh, John, the paper is offering a prize for a description of a model husband."

Mr. Foleigh: "You want to take a try at it?"

Mrs. Foleigh: "Yes, please."

Mr. Foleigh: "All right. Just get the pen, ink, and paper, and I'll dictate to you."

THE epidemic of Dumas' popular work dramatised had come upon the town, and no fewer than three companies were producing it.

"Have you seen *The Three Musketeers*?" asked one resident of another.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "I've seen all nine of them!"

"Just think of it!" she exclaimed. "A woman who arrived five minutes too late for an ocean steamer was so disappointed she lost her reason."

"That is a remarkable case," he admitted. "My experience with women would lead me to believe most of them would be more likely to go insane because of the shock, if they happened to be on time somewhere sometime."

THE BIRTHDAY OF M. A. P.

ON Sunday, June 18th, M. A. P. will be exactly one year old. A Special Double Number, consisting of 48 pages, will be published on June 14th. The Birthday Number, in addition to its usual varied contents, will include a series of first class Complete Stories specially written for M. A. P. by LOUIS BECKE, ROBERT BUCHANAN, FRANK T. BULLEN, BRET HARTE, COULSON KERNAHAN, FRANKFORT MOORE, MAX PEMBERTON, EDWIN PUGH, MORLEY ROBERTS and other Popular Writers, and a variety of other special matter. The price of the Special Birthday Number of M. A. P. will be

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REPLIES.

4568. Which Foreign Marriage has been Most Mischievous to this Country?

The marriage of Charles I. with Henrietta Maria of France. The despotic principles and the religious bigotry of Henrietta made her the worst possible adviser to the King at the most critical period of our history. But for her mischievous counsels, it is possible that the contest between King and Parliament would have had a very different ending. Even more injurious was her influence upon her sons, Charles and James. By the terms of her marriage contract, the education of her children, up to a certain age, was in her hands. We cannot, therefore, wonder that they turned out to be two of the worst kings that ever sat upon the English throne. We cannot, too, forget that the coarse sensuality of Charles II., which tended so much to degrade English society, was inherited from his grandfather, Henry IV., through his mother. This marriage also brought Charles II. and James II. into that close relation with France which led to the disgraceful Secret Treaty of Dover, and England's humiliating dependence upon a foreign despot. From another point of view, the marriage of Edward II. with Isabella of France may be regarded as almost equally pernicious; for it was through her that Edward III. and Henry V. inherited the claim to the French crown, which involved the two nations in bloody wars for nearly a century.

4569. At which Period of our History was there the Greatest Difference between the Home Comforts of the Working and Upper Classes?

Until the end of the Crusades there was probably not very much difference. The upper classes lived in castles and the lower lived in hovels, but the castles were not much better than hovels on a much larger scale. The lord of the castle and his family lived an almost common life with the humblest of their retainers. They fed at the same table, and the only difference was their position above or below the salt. They were warmed by the same fires and sheltered by the same roof, and it is probable that the serf in his cabin was about as comfortable as the lord in his castle. But when the Crusades opened up the trade with the East the commodities of Oriental luxury were at the disposal of those who could pay for them. From that time the luxuries indulged in by the upper classes rapidly increased, while the lower classes remained practically where they were until the end of the 17th century. Slight improvements may have taken place, but, relatively speaking, they were as nothing to those which the upper classes enjoyed, and this period may therefore be taken as the answer to the question. Contemporary accounts show that even as late as 1840, the general domestic condition of the lower classes in this country presented an almost inconceivable contrast to that of the upper.

4570. Which Trade Suffers most and Recovers with the Greatest Difficulty from any General Disturbance?

Something depends upon the nature of the disturbance. If it arises from war, the trades providing means of recreation suffer most, for war, in itself a great game, becomes a formidable competitor with them. Thus manufacturers of baseball, cricket, golf, football, and similar appliances suffered severely during the Spanish-American conflict, but recovered marvellously the moment it concluded. An anomaly, however, in this connection is that war fills theatres. It did so in the States last year, and during the siege of Paris such places kept open almost to the bitter end. If the disturbance, however, be due to commercial disaster, famine, or some convulsion of nature, theatrical enterprise feels the

effect at once, in common with such trades as those of furniture manufacture, jewellery, florists, and the like, which supply luxuries rather than absolute necessities. These non-essentials, being what are first done without, their purveyors feel the pinch before others, while the fact that their goods are the earliest to go out of demand makes the revulsion all the greater in their case when a reaction sets in.

4571. Which Act of Parliament has had the Greatest Moral Effect?

It is perfectly true that people cannot be made moral by Act of Parliament—that is to say, all legislation having for its avowed object the making of people sober, honest or moral is practically always a failure because, in their natural genesis, Acts of Parliament are the expression of public opinion and not the directors of it. There are, however, some few Acts of Parliament which have undoubtedly conducted, though indirectly, to the development of public morality. Of these, probably the greatest effect was produced by the famous Ten Hours Act of 1847, passed mainly through the efforts of Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Richard Oastler. This Act greatly mitigated and prepared the way for the abolition of child and female slavery in English cotton factories and coal-pits. The state of affairs it dealt with was shocking beyond all modern belief, yet, strangely enough, its passing was strenuously opposed by such men as John Bright, Richard Cobden, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Gladstone. Its effect in raising the moral tone of our industrial population has been simply incalculable. In a smaller and more trivial sense, the Reform Bill of '32 undoubtedly marked a great rise in political morality. But bribery and corruption in their subtler and therefore more dangerous forms, and personal and political insincerity are still so rife in the constituencies and the House of Commons that the moral value of the Act is somewhat doubtful.

4573. Why was the Profession of an Actor in such Low Repute in Ancient Times?

Chiefly because in those times men took the business of life, which was chiefly fighting either for conquest or defence, very seriously, hence the entertainers of ancient times would chiefly be men unfitted for the only callings then thought worthy of a man, that of a soldier or a hunter, usually both. This would naturally earn them contemptuous toleration, rather than respect as regards male entertainers, while the social system of the time made it impossible for any but slave-girls and women of doubtful character to take part in public shows. Greece seems to be the only ancient country where actors were esteemed, but then the higher Greek Drama was intimately connected with religion. The serious Roman looked upon the actor as a mountebank who only imitated what men did. The early Christian Fathers frowned upon the mummery for other reasons, chiefly because satires on the new Faith were favourite farces in the great cities of the later Roman Empire. The religious masques or Miracle Plays of the Middle Ages probably marked the first approach of the actor towards that height of popular favour at which he now stands.

4575. Which was the First Nation to Establish a Balloon Corps for Military Purposes?

The French. Quite a number of the early successes of the first French Republicans from 1793 onwards were largely contributed to by such an organisation. Amongst these were the battles of Liege and Fleurus, and the sieges of Mentz and Ehrenbreitzen. It is recorded that "for the service of the balloons a new species of engineers were invented. The men were trained so that the one ascending by the balloon was able to communicate with others below, not only by signals but by means of written messages, which were attached to small arrows bearing little flags of coloured silk, which served to locate their position when they were thrown to the earth from the balloon." It was the French also who utilised the balloon at the battle of Solferino in 1859, and the Federal American Army had a balloon corps a few years later. The first war service of the British Royal Engineer Balloon Corps was at Suakin, in March, 1885.

4572. Which Well-Known Man of the Present Day Forms the Most Interesting Link with the Past?

The Marquis of Salisbury. He is the direct descendant of illustrious statesmen who guided the destinies of England at one of the most critical periods of her history. Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, was Queen Elizabeth's chief Minister from her accession in 1558 to his death in 1598. He directed our affairs in the great struggle with Spain which culminated in the defeat of the Armada. His younger son, Robert Cecil, the namesake of our Premier, succeeded to the power of Burleigh, and was chief adviser of the Crown during the closing years of Elizabeth and the earlier part of the reign of James I. The latter created him Earl of Salisbury. The earldom was changed to a marquessate in 1789. That the same family should have furnished England with three Prime Ministers is a unique fact in our history, and the force of heredity has not exhausted itself with the Marquis. Mr. Arthur Balfour, the Leader of the House of Commons, and, in all probability, future Premier, is Lord Salisbury's nephew, and so is Mr. Gerald Balfour, the Chief Secretary for Ireland; while a younger son, Lord Hugh Cecil, is already evincing in the House of Commons Parliamentary gifts not dissimilar to those which secured success for his eminent father.

4574. Under which Item of Expenditure does London Waste most Money?

There can be no doubt whatever that London wastes most money on fuel for domestic and industrial purposes. At least half the fuel that London pays for is absolutely wasted. It has been calculated that if the products of combustion which ascend useless every day into London skies could be recovered and utilised, or, in other words, if they were not wasted, the saving would almost pay London's rates and taxes, though this is, perhaps, rather too great an effort of the scientific imagination. Still, when we remember the gigantic size of London, the cost of coal at the pit's mouth, the exorbitant charges of the railway companies, and the profits of the coal rings who try to deceive the public by trading as many small firms, and then remember that quite half of this vast expenditure is absolutely wasted, it does not appear that any better answer to the question could be found. With regard to the expenditure of money raised by taxation, that spent by the School Board is probably most nearly wasted. Considering the enormous sums expended, and the lamentable condition of ignorance, vulgarity and vice in which the lower class youth of London are still sunk, the ratepayer certainly gets less return from the London School Board than from any other body to which he is forced to contribute.

4578. Which is the Basest Act of Personal Treachery of which a British Sovereign has been Guilty?

It would be rather difficult to choose between the baseness exhibited by James I. towards Sir Walter Raleigh and that with which his son, Charles I., treated Strafford. In the first case James gave his Royal word to Raleigh that his expedition should be kept an absolute secret, and yet, knowing that it must fail if the Spaniards got wind of it, he, after getting all Raleigh's plans from him, was the first to betray them to the Spaniards. The conditions of success or failure were pardon or death, therefore James not only betrayed the greatest of his subjects, but deliberately murdered him. In the second case, when Strafford came to London Charles pledged his Royal honour that he should be hurt neither in person nor fortune. Strafford had served him as no other man had done or ever did. He could have saved him by refusing to sign the Bill of Attainder, but he signed it knowing perfectly well that he was sending his best friend to the block. It was as vile an act of betrayal as ever a crowned King was guilty of, yet somehow it does not seem quite as repulsive as James's betrayal of Raleigh, possibly because this was the betrayal of a subject by his King to the enemies of his own country.

QUESTIONS.

4001. Which is the most remarkable recorded instance of science assisting in the detection of crime?
4002. Did the ancients wear knitted stockings?
4003. Has a domestic animal ever become extinct?
4004. Which is the most remarkable example of several battles taking place at different times in the same place?
4005. Why will not bruised fruit keep?
4006. Are any subjects of the Queen prohibited by their religion from dying on any beds?
4007. Is it possible to have wireless telephony?
4008. Why are the Houses of Parliament sometimes spoken of as "St. Stephen's"?
4009. Which animal is armed with the most deadly poison?
4010. At what parish in England is it customary for the bearers at a funeral to wear smock frocks and for the nearest relations to lower the body into the grave?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies." In the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any form of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

"GERTRUDE, I've brought you home two bushels of artificial violets."
"Two bushels! Have you lost your mind?"
"No; but I heard you say you wished you had as many on your hat as that girl next door."

"WELL, I see you've moved. Did those people you employed do the job well?"
"Fine. They only broke five mirrors out of a possible six, and I think I can have the plastering they knocked off replaced at an outlay of not more than £5. I tell you these movers are getting their business down to a science nowadays."

MOTHER TO FRANK: "How is it that you're late home nearly every day?"
Frank: "Well, no wonder; we've got such a big clock in our school."
Mother: "Why, what has the clock to do with it?"
Frank: "'Cause it's so big, it takes the hands an awful long while to get round it. If we had a clock like papa's little one, I'd get home a great deal quicker."

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A NIGHT WITH THE SECRET SERVICE.

P.W. HELPS TO CAPTURE A GANG OF CRIMINALS IN NEW YORK.

THE detectives of New York do not go to work in the way one would suppose. Turn into the streets any evening about nine or ten o'clock and you will run into these men parading their precincts in the most aimless way to judge by appearances. It seems to you that the very last place where they are likely to come across the bad characters they are on the look-out for is a public street at the busiest time of the evening. But the truth is that most crooks live more or less openly.

The other night I ran into Sergeant Duff on Broadway, and we went into a saloon together to purchase a couple of cigars. As we came out a party of six men passed us. The sergeant pressed my arm.

"See those men?" he said. "That's one of the worst gangs in the country. It's about time they paid another visit to the Central Office. Come along."

The sergeant was a quiet-looking little chap with mild blue eyes, and in his grey business suit he looked more like a well-to-do professional man than anything else.

The men had turned down a side street, and at the corner we ran into the arms of another secret service man, so that we were now three to six.

I could not help asking questions:

"What will they do—run?" I asked.

"No. Go into some saloon, probably," said the sergeant. And the words were hardly out of his mouth before they disappeared into a famous resort close by.

We walked into the saloon. The men were seated at a table in the back room, and were ordering beer as we entered. We walked up to where they were sitting and joined them.

It was not my idea of making an arrest, but it seemed to serve. There were six men to three, but they in no way openly resented our appearance at their table. All six of them were armed with revolvers, but I suppose men of this class know from experience it is not worth while to resist and run the chance, on the one hand, of being shot, and on the other of killing and finally hanging for so doing. Another thing which struck me was that they recognised this little man in the grey suit with the mild eyes so completely, and acknowledged his authority. No one else in the room had any idea that an important gang of pickpockets and burglars was being captured under their noses.

"What's the trouble, sergeant?" said English Jim, one of the roughest of the crowd.

"Seems to me it's about time you went down to the Central Office again, that's all," said the sergeant, lighting a cigarette.

Only one of the men complained; the others evidently regarded the affair from the philosophic view that it was unfortunate but unavoidable.

"Well, we'll go along," said the sergeant.

"One more drink first, please," said the Englishman.

"Very well," said the sergeant, "treat the crowd."

So we drank at the expense of the pick-pocket. The events of the entire evening were a series of experiences to me, but I think this surprised me more than anything else.

The sergeant took me on one side.

"I'm not going to spend car-fare taking this crowd down to the Central Office," he said. "We'll take 'em to the nearest station-house and get a police patrol wagon. You look after two of them, will you?"

I hadn't bargained for this.

"What do you do—handcuff them?" I asked.

"No. Just walk between 'em," said the sergeant.

"Just take them by the cuff quietly. They'll go along."

So in this way, walking three abreast, we went down to the police-station.

The sergeant in charge there asked if he might detain us till it was time for his uniformed men, who were being relieved, to come in, because he wanted them to take a good look at our prisoners. "Then if they ever catch them in this precinct again, they'll know what to do," he said ominously.

The crooks objected to this exhibition when the time came—especially English Jim.

"You hold up your head, will you?" shouted the sergeant, catching him by the hair, and jabbing his knee into the small of the man's back. "Let my men get a look at you."

Finally we bundled our prisoners into the police patrol wagon, and carried them off in the early hours of the morning to the Central Station. The next step was proper identification in each case. A few minutes' search in the Rogues' Gallery revealed the fact that all of the party had been arrested at different times previously, the photographs of all except one being found among the pickpockets. English Jim's extremely unpleasant physiognomy appeared among the burglars. This point being settled, the men were marched off to a cell to await examination the following morning.

One of them asked the sergeant if he couldn't get them in a bottle of whisky, and handed him a five-dollar bill for this purpose.

"You are not expecting any change, are you?" said the sergeant. He got the bottle, smuggled it into the cell, and we who had made the arrest went off and expended the change on a night-cap.

One Life.

A LITTLE lass, just eight years old,
Eyes like the skies and hair like gold,
Off to school in a frock of blue,
With a basket of lunch and a book or two.
This is Susy!

A debutante of sweet eighteen
In a satin gown all shimmer and sheen,
Flushed and eager at her first ball,
With a score of men at her beck and call.
This is Sue!

Twenty-eight, and is affably bored
With England after a year abroad,
Her maid and poodle are brought from France,
And she reads French menus now at a glance.
This is Susanne!

Thirty-eight and a spinster still,
The last few years have treated her ill;
Her hair is grey and her face has creases,
As she darns the stockings of five little nieces.
This is Aunt Susan!

He Had to Pay.

AN economical young man takes three ladies to dinner at a restaurant, and before the repast is brought in, says confidentially to the waiter:

"Whenever I call for three bottles of Chambertin, bring us a good second-class Beaune; it is less heating to the blood, and the little dears'll never know the difference—you understand?"

The waiter replies that he does. Dinner is served; Chambertin is demanded, and Beaune is brought in, according to agreement. Presently the generous diner calls for the bill, and when he receives it his face clouds visibly.

"Here, waiter," he observes, discharging a whole broadside of nods and becks and wretched winks upon that functionary; "there is some mistake here in the wine item."

"Oh no, sir," says the waiter, courteously; "there are three bottles of Chambertin charged, and that was what you ordered."

"Certainly, three bottles of Chambertin," chorus the ladies; "we remember you ordering them. It is all right."

The economical young man has nothing to do but to pay up, and to endeavour to calculate how much he has made by his prudent forethought.

Have You Made Love with a Handkerchief?

VERY probably some of our young readers in particular will find the following of special interest. In any case, we should like to put P.W. readers on their guard as to how careful they should be in respect to handling their handkerchiefs. The language of the handkerchief is as follows:

Drawing across the lips. Desirous of an acquaintance.
Drawing across the eyes—I am sorry.
Taking it by the centre—You are too willing.
Dropping it—We will be friends.
Twirling in both hands—Indifference.
Drawing it across the cheek—I love you.
Drawing it through the hands—I hate you.
Letting it rest on the right cheek—Yes.
Letting it rest on the left cheek—No.
Twirling it in the left hand—I wish to be rid of you.
Twirling it in the right hand—I love another.
Folding it—I wish to speak to you.
Flicking it over the right shoulder—Follow me.
Opposite corners in both hands—wait for me.
Drawing across the forehead—we are watched.
Lifting it to the right ear—You have changed.
Letting it remain on the eyes—You are cruel.
Winding it around the forefinger—I am engaged.
Winding it around the third finger—I am married.
Putting it in the pocket—No more at present.
Crumpling it up in the hand—I am impatient.
Touching right eye—Repeat your last signal.

HUSBAND: "I declare, there hasn't been anything decent on the stage for I don't know how long."

Wife: "I suppose that's why you've been so often."

"I SAW you talking with my cousin just now," she said. "Don't you think he has a wonderful fund of dry humour?"

"Yes," he replied, with some misgivings as to whether the fellow really was her cousin, "he has indeed a fund of dry humour; in fact, it's so dry that it's dusty."

He quoted the old chestnut:

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," he said.

She sighed and shook her head.

"That's the trouble," she replied; "they turn lightly instead of seriously."

For she was a girl who had been through several spring engagements.

SHIPS THAT MAKE USELESS VOYAGES.

SOME OF THEM COME TO ENGLAND AND THEN GO BACK WITHOUT UNLOADING.

EVEN in these days when commercial economy is as much a necessity to the business man as the air which we breathe for our existence, it is not a little surprising to find that hundreds of thousands of pounds are expended every year through vessels of the merchant service making useless voyages, through no fault of their owners nor anybody else in particular.

To the uninitiated it sounds perfectly ridiculous to hear of a vessel arriving in England with a cargo from Russia, and, without making any changes either in respect to the crew or cargo, to immediately "turn tail" and sail for Australia, or, perhaps, some port in the Mediterranean which she passed on the homeward voyage. Yet this is not infrequently done.

The reason is this:

When corn, wheat and other food stuffs are fluctuating in price, either through a failing in crops or some war scare, a good deal of agitation is displayed in the noted "corn ports" of the world.

Corn merchants and speculators there put their wits to work, and it is not always that the smartest man gets the heaviest haul. A great deal depends upon luck. One dealer might purchase a large quantity of grain at the very outset of the agitation and immediately ship the cargo at the Baltic, and order the vessel to sail for England, hoping that before her arrival prices will have risen, and that he will dispose of the grain in some part of Great Britain at a considerable profit. But much depends on luck, and in hundreds of cases men who have made a big deal early in the agitation, have come out hundreds and even thousands of pounds to the bad.

On the other hand, fortune might attend him, and whilst his cargo is on its way to England prices gradually rise. It is then the dealers' business to catch the "top of the market"—the highest price attained for corn or wheat before the decline commences—and when the Australian or Mediterranean markets are more brisk than those at home it is more than likely that the dealer will sell in that direction. In that case the vessel will be obliged to retrace her steps, so to speak, and, in one sense of the word, thousands of miles will have been covered by the vessel for no useful purpose.

Such instances, however, are more rare now that steam and machinery are supplanting the sailing craft. The last case of which we have any knowledge happened at the time of the Spanish-American war, when there was a "corner" in the wheat market. Then, as many as forty or fifty four-masted sailing ships could be counted in Falmouth harbour, all awaiting orders as to where they must carry their respective grain cargoes.

Although these voyages are in a certain respect useless, they are the means of saving money.

A corn speculator told P.W. recently that during the last agitation in the grain market he bought a very large stock at the Black Sea just as the "corner" made itself felt, and as the first rise was made in the prices. He immediately shipped the cargo to England in a large sailing vessel; and on her arriving for orders at Falmouth, he was obliged to send her back to the Mediterranean, within a stone-throw, so to speak, of the port where the cargo was first embarked. Whilst the vessel was en route to England, he disposed of the cargo at an immense profit to a Mediterranean port.

Although a long distance was accomplished without a result worthy of the long voyage, it was explained to P.W. that but for this voyage the deal would have resulted in a loss. To have stored the grain at the Black Sea would have been a more expensive alternative, and had the ship been delayed in port awaiting the disposal of the grain, the harbour dues and other expenses, not excluding the wages of the crew and victuals, the expenses would doubtless have been still heavier, and the profits probably nil. So, after all, it would seem that these useless voyages are actually profitable.

As surely as a barometer foretells the nature of coming weather, so much more so does a rise in the price of bread—a steady and continuous rise—foretell of coming "useless" voyages. When you next hear of an agitation in the corn or wheat market brought about by a war scare or actual war, a "corner" in the market, or, worse still, bad crops in America, Russia, or Australia, just carefully watch the shipping column in your daily newspaper, and you will be able to follow to the end a few of these so-called "useless" voyages.

CONSULT THE ORACLE

Or, How to Read the Future.

THIS is a guide to things magical and mysterious: Dreams, Omens, Presentiments, Spells, Charms, Astrology, Second Sight, Thought-reading, Witches, Wizards, Soothsayers, Lucky Days, Lucky Numbers, etc., etc., being the wisdom of past times and present times as to what will surely come to pass.

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THE FAVOURITE PART OF FAMOUS PLAYERS.

SOME FACTS THAT WERE OBTAINED BY P.W. AFTER
GREAT DIFFICULTY.

THAT inimitable master of stage-craft, Sir Henry Irving, the idol of the play-going public, was naturally the first to be approached for a confession as to which is the favourite he has filled up to the present. Courteous and obliging as is the good genius of the Lyceum, he is a very busy man, and it was only, therefore, after a very pardonable delay on his part that P.W. was fortunate enough to obtain his views.

"It is impossible," he said, "to say that I have any favourite part unless it be the one that I am playing at any given time, or expecting to play. In this respect an actor's affections are so constantly divided that he must be excused for not appearing to know his own mind."

Very neat and very diplomatic is Sir Henry Irving's answer, and as an actor whose experience has ranged over such a varied and extensive number of characters, Sir Henry may surely be excused for refusing to particularise. At the same time it may safely be doubted if "the head and front" of the theatrical profession has ever played a part more pleasing to himself than that of Mathias in *The Bells*, a part that will always be closely identified with his name.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh, though a little doubtful at first, gave her final expression of opinion as follows:

"My favourite part," she says, "I find is a very difficult thing to decide. Sometimes I find that one part, sometimes another, is quite the part I like better than all others. But the kind of part I like, is a part with strong emotions, and from which the element of comedy is not absent—at least, in one scene during the play. However, at present I may say I have a strong feeling in favour of the part of Katherine, in *The Taming of the Shrew*."

Her sister, Irene Vanbrugh, is better suited by parts of a more tender nature, and she has not yet found one more to her liking than that of Sophie Fullgarney, the little manicurist, who, in the Globe success, *The Gay Lord Quex*, risks so much for another woman's sake.

If most people were asked what they thought was the favourite character of Mr. W. S. Penley, it is all Lombard Street to a China orange that nine out of ten of them would promptly answer *Charley's Aunt*. The remainder would, no doubt, plump for *The Private Secretary*. But they would all be wrong, for the favourite part of Mr. W. S. Penley, by his own confession, is that in *A Little Ray of Sunshine*.

Another quaint comedian, Mr. Walter Passmore, of the Savoy, would surprise a good many by his choice of parts. I venture to say that, "taking one consideration with another," to quote from an old Savoy favourite, most people would be inclined to think that the part of Jack Point in *The Yeoman of the Guard* would have been Mr. Passmore's favourite. Those who have seen him in that part, with its exquisite light and shade, its mixture of pathos and humour, its altogether lovable nature—a part in which Mr. Passmore surprised a good many critics—would vote unhesitatingly for it. But they would be wrong. Mr. Passmore prefers the more rollicking part of King Ouf in *The Lucky Star*, "my reason," he remarks, "being that it is, to use the shibboleth of the stage, 'very fat,' and scores at every turn. What could a comedian wish for more?"

That charming and delightful actress, Miss Evelyn Millard, has but one choice to make, and it is not one that will surprise many people. "My favourite part up to the present," she unhesitatingly declares, "is Lady Ursula, because there is more variety in it, more scope for exhibiting sudden transitions of feeling than in any part I have played before." Those who have seen Miss Millard in Anthony Hope's charming comedy, cannot find fault with the delightful actress's judgment. In a part which would be vulgarised by many actresses, Miss Millard has scored over all difficulties, and has added yet another to her numerous successes.

Miss Winifred Emery could only say to me that she has played in so many parts both in comedy and tragedy during her career, that she finds it impossible for her to state which is her special favourite. There is one part, however, for which she has a decided affection, and that is Lady Babbie, the fascinating heroine of Mr. J. M. Barrie's novel, "The Little Minister."

Miss Ellaline Terriss had not the slightest hesitation in making a choice, and she at once plumped for the part of Winifred Grey in *The Runaway Girl*. In the character of the girl who has run away from the hum-drum existence of convent love to join the merry Zingari, she has, she confesses, found her ideal, which, perhaps, is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that Mr. George Edwardes had the part especially drawn for her. And very charmingly she plays it, too.

To return for the moment to the male side of theatrical life. That most popular of romantic actors, Mr. George Alexander, refuses, like Sir Henry Irving, to admit that he has any favourite part. "I always," he informed me, "have for my favourite part that in which

I am playing at the moment," a confession which enables us to account for the long list of uniform successes which this popular actor-manager has had.

Mr. C. Hayden Coffin is another who denies having any favourite part. But Mr. Forbes Robertson has a decided preference in favour of Hamlet, a selection which is scarcely to be wondered at when it is remembered that he has been pronounced "the best of living Hamlets." His last appearance in this part at the Lyceum was the crowning point of a successful career.

As Marcus Superbus in *The Sign of the Cross*, Mr. Wilson Barrett has found the greatest satisfaction, though here again the actor confesses to finding it difficult to make a definite selection.

Mr. Martin Harvey favours us with his opinion in the following pleasant fashion:

"You have asked me to decide a most difficult point. I remember revelling in the borine serenity of the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, and appreciating his enthusiasm over the 'chickens, fat ones,' but scarcely more perhaps than the sour and malign Don John in *Much Ado About Nothing*, a character I persuaded Sir Henry to allow me to play in the United States, and which gave me (if not the audience) the keenest enjoyment."

"I might be tempted to say that poetical characters, like the enthusiastic young dramatist in *Nance Oldfield*, pleased me most if I did not call to mind how I used to long for the night on which I played Jacques Strop in *Robert Macaire*—an effort in the lowest of low comedy. One would feel oneself bound to say one likes the parts that appeal to one's own individual temperament best, but that one is immediately confronted with the conviction that the actor's temperament is of the nature of a glass which should reflect, rather, the temperament of others. 'Fiftily, and lastly,' I may say that from the moment I approached 'Pelias' a world opened to me, which had lain dormant since the first vague imaginings of childhood, and which touched me to the very quick."

"But then again, to play Sydney Carton is a positive privilege, and those lovable but misdirected characters must always appeal most strongly. 'Finally, and to conclude,' I think I must revert to Pelias, and say that up to now I feel that character stands first, for I can assure you when I played Pelias for the last time I felt as if I had parted for ever from a dear friend."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has a pronounced leaning towards Ophelia, though she still cherishes a deep affection for the part of Melitta in *For the Crown*, a character which in its mingled tenderness and tragedy could not have found a better interpreter.

Miss Maud Jeffries has naturally a predilection in favour of Mercia in *The Sign of the Cross*, which will scarcely surprise those who have seen her representation of that unfortunate victim of Pagan cruelty.

Last, but not least, comes Mrs. Madge Kendal, who, as most of us know, has a pretty wit, and one which she can generally use to advantage. In response to our request she writes: "The only secret I have ever kept (I'm only a woman) has been my favourite rôle. Why should I now divulge it? I cannot, so please leave me in my professional career, this one knowledge—all my own. You have Sir Henry Irving's—the head of the profession—is not that enough? Please be content with that!"

THE ABSENT-MINDED POET: "Ruymas, you seem to be in a brown study. Are you invoking the muse?"
"The muse? Mews? Ah, that is what I was trying to think of! I promised to take my wife and daughter to the cat show. Thank you."

"My wife never gets me up to cut the grass before breakfast."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; she tried it once, and I was so sleepy I ran the lawnmower all over her flower beds."

SHE: "Do you remember how you said, when you were courting me, that if I would marry you I would have nothing to do all my days but sit about and look pretty? And how different it is now!"

HE: "Well, it isn't my fault if you can't look pretty any more."

WOES OF A WIFE.—"Oh, that I should have married a funny man!" she wailed.

"What is the matter, lovey, dear?" asked her most intimate friend.

"He came home and told me he had a sure way to keep jelly from getting mouldy at the top, and when I asked him how, he said turn it upside down."

"SURELY," said the young man, after her father had positively declined to entertain the proposition, "you are not prejudiced against me simply because I have no visible means of support?"

"No," the old gentleman replied, "I might overlook that, but I understand that you once took part in a chess match that was played by cable. Anyone who can find fun in that sort of thing is too cold-blooded to get into my family if I can help it."

"GERMANY MADE IN LONDON."

WHAT AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS THINKS.

THE following interesting communication has come to hand from a reader residing in France. I publish it in its entirety, as it certainly throws a new light on the subject in question:

"I have read with much interest your article on Germans as business employes, and as some of your readers may be discouraged by the pessimistic tone of the article, I should like to say a few words on the other side."

"Permit me to say, by way of preliminary, that I am an Englishman, that I left school at fourteen years of age, and worked in a country office in the Midlands until I was over twenty-eight years old. Then a chance presented itself to me and I came out here as *chef de bureau* in an office where there were only French and German clerks—I had almost forgotten what little French I had learnt at school, and as we had only an hour a week for the study, this was nothing to astonish anyone who has studied a foreign language."

"I may say that I found no difficulty in acquiring French, as I went immediately into a French boarding-house, and took lessons at night from the proprietor, who had been a schoolmaster, and spoke French on every available occasion, whether I was laughed at or not, for the inevitable mistakes that one makes. If I had to learn German, I should adopt the same method, and so on with other languages."

"Your article gives the impression that every German is a born linguist, and that he speaks and writes besides his own language, English, French, Italian, Spanish, and Russian, which is really not the case, as though there are many who speak and write two or three, it is indeed rare to find Germans who speak more. In fact, the so-called Germans are very often Swiss, and it is these fellows who work for small salaries, because their parents economise and supply them with money to travel about; and in those cases, where a deserving but poor German or Swiss cannot find the necessary money for this purpose, there are societies to which the wealthy merchants subscribe largely, who give travelling scholarships to the best pupils, and they are thus enabled to spend one or two years in any foreign countries selected; and, in spite of all the short and easy cuts to foreign languages that have been published, this is the only reliable way of learning them thoroughly."

"Are young Englishmen to blame if their parents have not the foresight of German parents? I am acquainted with several young Englishmen in Paris who have come out almost in spite of their parents, and have to shift for themselves in poorly-paid posts until they have acquired the language and can ask for more money."

"On the contrary, I do not know a poor German who is in an office, though there are probably many in the hotels. All those whom I have known in business have had an allowance of from £10 to £30 a month from their parents, who are in many cases prosperous merchants in their own land. It is not astonishing that they are willing to work as volunteers, for they are really paid to get hold of the names of foreign customers."

"As to the methods of Germans in offices, I agree that they are industrious, and that they take an infinity of pains; but they are fearfully slow, especially at book-keeping, and even at correspondence, writing out half a dozen rough outlines of their letters sometimes before committing them finally to paper. And it is, after all, a poor economy to employ a man of this kind, who, in addition, as soon as he has acquired a good idea of your business, clears off into his own land, and begins to imitate your processes or to sneak your customers."

"It must not be forgotten that the geographical position of England is also against the ready acquirement of foreign tongues. Germany touches France, Russia, and Austria, and the present-day facilities of communication help them enormously, as they are constantly brought into contact with people of different nations. The same may be said of Switzerland, where nearly all the population speak two languages from childhood, and I have met one or two Swiss who spoke French, German, and Italian, who had never left their country to learn them."

"The remedy of this present English inferiority lies in the hands of parents—especially those who can afford to send their sons out to foreign countries before seriously beginning business life in London, or elsewhere in England."

"Germans are not more clever than Englishmen, but they have a hundred chances to our one in their school methods of learning languages, lessons in one foreign language being given every day, and not, as in too many English high schools, once a week. By this means they are able, when sent into a foreign country, to at once adapt their school knowledge to speaking the language they have come to learn, and then they get the reputation of being clever linguists."

"Give Britishers the same chances—send them on the Continent instead of into an office immediately on leaving school, and insist on more attention being paid to the commercial studies of those who intend to follow commerce—and the cry for Germans to conduct the correspondence would not be so intense as, judging from your article, it is at present."

Hadn't Got the Name Quite Right.

HE was the new vicar and found it somewhat difficult to get acquainted with his flock. On his way home after his first sermon he overtook a comely young woman whom he recognised as one of his congregation. She greeted him with a smile and he felt emboldened to talk to her seriously. "I was glad," he said, "to see you in church. It always gratifies me greatly to observe a young person voluntarily seeking the one true haven—" "Excuse me," interrupted the girl with a slight blush, "you haven't got the name quite right. It's Havens, Jim Havens. He passes one of the bags." Then the vicar changed the subject.

Voted for Lungs.

A CERTAIN parish had been rather unfortunate in its ministers, two of them having gone off in a decline within a twelvemonth after their appointments; and now, after hearing a number of candidates for the vacancy, the members were looking forward with keen interest to the meeting at which the election of the new minister was to take place.

"Well, Marget," asked one female parishioner of another, as they foregathered on the road one day, "wha are you gaun tae vote for?"

"I'm jist thinkin' I'll vote for nane o' them; I'm no muckle o' a judge, an' it'll be the safest plan," was Marget's sagacious reply.

"Toots, woman, if that's the way o't, vote wi' me." "An' hoo are you gaun tae vote?" asked Marget. "Well," was the reply, "I'm gaun tae vote for the man that I think has the soundest lungs, an' I'll no bother us wi' deesin' in a hurry again."

Can You be Mesmerised?

IT is impossible to deny the phenomena of mesmerism and yet it is not a science, while its claims are usually urged by charlatans. Mesmerism may be defined as a power which a stronger is supposed to be able to exert over a weaker person, or a healthy over a diseased; whereby, through a mere exertion of the will, in some cases, but more generally by an accompanying stroking with the hands, the former throws the latter into a state of sleep.

During this state, certain peculiar sensations are experienced, which arise from nervous excitement, and may have a good effect on the health of the patient. The state of clairvoyance is, it is contended, a higher degree of the mesmeric process, wherein the patient claims to possess a power of vision which extends to all objects, near and at a distance, in space and in time.

The dispassionate investigation of this subject has been shunned by most men of science on account of the imposture of some, and the credulity of others of its professors. Electro-biology is only another form which the public exhibition of animal magnetism has assumed. Sleep is produced by making persons gaze for a certain length of time on a piece of money which is placed in the hand.

In susceptible individuals this produces a kind of cataleptic sleep, in which they exhibit all the phenomena of the mesmeric state. About one person in ten is found capable of being mesmerised, to a greater or less extent.

The Old Man's Advice.

"MY boy," said the old man kindly, as he poked his head through the back parlour door-way about 11 p.m., where his prospective son-in-law, Charles, sat courting Eliza, with the gas turned on full force, "are you aware that the moon is shining brightly this evening? Just see," and the old man turned the gas out. "Just observe, my boy, how the moon's yellow rays light up this room. Truly, it is a glorious spectacle. But come with me a moment; I have something in the cellar that I wish to show you."

Then the old man took his bull's-eye lantern and led the way down the cellar stairs, closely followed by Charles.

"My boy," said he softly, as they reached the cellar. "I know you love Eliza with all the strength of your noble heart, and you love to meet her often, and let me say that I have no objection whatever to you doing so; I simply request your presence in this cellar that I might give you a much-needed and useful lesson in economy. Observe, young man, the little box over in that corner."

Here he turned the light of his bull's-eye full upon the aforesaid box.

"Well, that's a gas-meter, and every time that little pointer whirls round the space of that dial it means 6s. 6d. nearer the workhouse for me. That's all, Charles. Now we will ascend, and hereafter when the moon is shining you will not forget my lesson in economy, will you? Remember, my boy, to meet her by moonlight costs nothing, but to meter by gas-light is quite another affair. Good night, Charles; the moon is still shining brightly, I see."

Then the old man skipped blithely up the stairs to bed.

NEW TO YOU.

PETROLEUM seems hardly the kind of liquid that would commend itself as a drink, yet "petrolism," or the drinking of that fluid, is assuming a serious aspect. The spirit is consumed as a liqueur.

A NEW wheel for motor cars and similar heavy vehicles is called a flexible wheel. The box is formed of a block of solid rubber that bears the whole weight of the conveyance and acts as a spring.

AN artificial leg that can be inflated like a pneumatic tyre is now to be had. It is a hollow rubber chamber, the foot having a framework of wood and a rubber-faced joint that permits of the same movements as those of the human ankle.

A CHEESE-CUTTING machine, with a graduated scale to insure the exact quantity being cut off, should be of utility to dealers. The cheese is set on a moveable platform that revolves according to the weight required, when a knife in a slotted frame descends and cuts off the piece.

AN American theatrical manager has adopted the coupon system in order to increase business. He offers to the person who sends in the largest number of reserved seat vouchers at the end of the season, a free trip to England, with hotel and incidental expenses for a two weeks' stay.

MESSRS. HUMMEL AND Co., of 35, Jewin Crescent, London, are the people to go for braces for cycling, golfing, and general wear. Their annular spring braces are novel from the fact that resiliency is obtained from three indiarubber rings, each of which may be easily replaced should it break.

AN "automatic loader" for revolvers has been designed. It is a long tube, having longitudinal chambers to correspond with the chambers of the revolver. The tube is filled with cartridges, which are forced into the revolver cylinder by springs, filling the six chambers simultaneously.

AN ingenious individual has devised a process for condensing oysters. By this process all the water contained in the bivalve is absorbed, and a gallon of oysters is reduced in weight to fourteen ounces. When required for the table, water is poured upon them, and they resume their usual proportions.

By a new method of marking the glasses of spirit levels and other instruments, the liability to fracture is avoided. Instead of cutting away at the glass to make the lines, the glass is fused, and minute particles of metal are embedded in it to form the markings. The result is a strengthening instead of a weakening of the glass.

A GERMAN who believes in labour-saving devices has patented a pair of shears with a spring attachment. When a cut has been made, and the shears are closed, the spring opens the blades slightly; when they are wide open ready for cutting, the arrangement acts in the reverse way and assists in closing them. Both actions lighten the work of the cutter.

THE United Trading Company, of 62 Dale Street, Liverpool, are selling a very useful article in their patent "Simplex" scissors sharpener. It deserves its name, for you have merely to hold it firmly on the table with your left hand, and pass the blades of the scissors across it. It will soon save its cost, and the temper of the blades is not affected, as it is most likely to be in the ordinary method.

AN appliance for keeping poultices warm is one of the latest novelties in the medical line. It is a receptacle containing hot water, the face of which is so shaped that the bag containing the poultice can be held so that it gets the heat from the water. An opening at the back of the appliance permits the attendant to empty the receptacle as soon as the water cools, and another hole higher up allows of refilling.

"WHY not make the guard of a carving fork serve a double purpose?" seems to have been the idea that occurred to the inventor of the latest novelty in that line. So he attached a knife sharpener. The guard ends in two prongs similar to the fork itself, and on the inner side of these are two revolvable discs; the edge of the knife is placed between these latter, the fork moved rapidly, and the knife quickly sharpened.

A REVOLVING tooth-brush has been invented by a West Indian lady. The brush portion is circular; it is attached to a handle that is spirally grooved and slides in a frame. By pressing the end of this handle—which projects beyond the frame—the brush revolves; on discontinuing the pressure, the handle springs back to its normal position, causing a further revolution of the brush, and so the movement is maintained.

A WELL-KNOWN miniature artist has produced a paper for cheques which renders it impossible to remove figures and writing for the purpose of altering the amount. The cheque is made of two sheets of paper. On the upper surface of the under slip some lines are ruled with ink composed of any permanent colouring matter mixed with easily-soluble mucilage. The lines do not show unless you hold the cheque up to the light. As soon as any liquid is applied to the writing, the mucilage becomes moist and the lines run, forming blots that are visible on both sides.

She Won the Bet.

FRED FLASHER and Miss Florentia Flounce were discussing the mental power of controlling thought. Said Flasher:

"I will give you a pair of gloves if you can think of positively nothing for five minutes, and still be awake."

"Done," she responded.

Five minutes passed.

"I've won the gloves," she exclaimed.

"How did you manage to think of nothing for the whole five minutes?" he asked, eagerly.

"I fastened my mind on your moustache, and kept it there," she replied, triumphantly.

The referee awarded her the gloves.

Royal Persian Hunts.

THE Shah is a mighty hunter, a good shot, and an enthusiastic sportsman. Big game is his delight. The King, like all the sportsmen of his country, uses a smooth bore and a bullet.

A strange incident of Eastern life, but a true one, occurred some years ago at one of these royal huntings. As usual, a couple of regiments accompanied the Shah on his hunting party. The men acted as beaters. A tiger was wounded, and was making off under the King's eyes. The royal second barrel was discharged, but did not kill the wounded animal.

Fearful of losing his quarry, the King was reloading (muzzle-loaders are still preferred by Persians), when a private soldier seized the tiger by the tail and detained him long enough for the Shah to dispatch the animal. His Majesty made that soldier a captain on the spot.

How to Shorten a Sermon.

A YOUNG Scotch minister, newly licensed to preach the gospel, was asked by an old minister of a parish in Banffshire to preach his first sermon in his church on the following Sunday.

In due course the young preacher arrived for duty on Sunday morning, and in going to church the minister asked him:

"What may be the length of your sermon, Jamie?"

"Well, it will be about three-quarters of an hour," was the answer.

"Toot, toot, that winna dee ava. Ye see, there is a meetin' o' session aifter the service, and the fairmers will be furious if they are owre lang in gettin' hame to their dinner. You'll need to mak' it shorter."

"It's here, and I can make it neither longer nor shorter; I maun jist gie it as it is," was the reply.

At that season of the year (August) there was usually a kind of lecture before the sermon, but, to make the service about the usual length, the lecture was dispensed with, and the sermon was begun at once. At the close of the service, when the young preacher came down from the pulpit, the old minister tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Jamie, I'll tell ye 'what to dee with that sermon: jist tak' it and preen ilka twa leaves thegither, and you'll be unco muckle astonished fu' little it will interfere with the sense."

The Diameter of a Lightning Flash.

"DID you ever see the diameter of a lightning flash measured?" asked a geologist. "Well, here is the case which once inclosed a flash of lightning, fitting it exactly, so that you can see just how big it was. This is called a 'fulgurite,' or 'lightning hole,' and the material it is made of is glass. I will tell you how it was manufactured, though it only took a fraction of second to turn it out."

"When a bolt of lightning strikes a bed of sand it plunges downwards into the sand for a distance less or greater, transforming simultaneously into glass the silica in the material through which it passes. Thus, by its great heat, it forms a glass tube of precisely its own size. Now and then such a tube known as 'fulgurite,' is found and dug up. Fulgurites have been followed into the sand by excavation for nearly thirty feet. They vary in interior diameter from the size of a quill to three inches or more, according to the 'bore' of the flash."

"But fulgurites are not alone produced in sand; they are found also in solid rock, though very naturally of slight depth, and frequently existing merely as a thin, glassy coating on the surface. Such fulgurites occur in astonishing abundance on the summit of Little Ararat in Armenia. The rock is soft and so porous that blocks a foot long can be obtained, perforated in all directions by little tubes filled with bottle-green glass formed from the fused rock. There is a small specimen in the national museum which has the appearance of having been bored by the teredo, and the holes made by the worm subsequently filled with glass."

"Some wonderful fulgurites were found by Humboldt, on the high Nevada de Toluca, in Mexico. Masses of the rock were covered with a thin layer of green glass. Its peculiar shimmer in the sun led Humboldt to ascend the precipitous peak, at the risk of his life."

Catching the Sardine.

THE 1898 sardine is now on the market. The fishing season begins early in June, and is now successful in places along the Atlantic coast and in Puget Sound. The coasts of Norway and Brittany are the scenes of the heaviest takes, and the grade of the sardines obtained there is superior.

As soon as the fishermen notice shoals of porpoises or flocks of seagulls off shore, sail is made immediately, for the sardine is there.

A curious thing about this kind of fishing is that one rarely sees a living sardine out of the water. The fish make a little squeak when taken from the water and die instantly.

Of the 250 or 300 fishing boats fitted out at Belle Isle, 200 belong to Calais and the others to Lauzon. It is in these two ports that the French fishermen sell their fish. An ordinary catch of sardines gives to each boat from 8,000 to 10,000 fish, and the price is regulated by the quantity brought in by the first-comers. Between six and seven shillings a thousand is a fair price.

During the sardine season about three hundred women and fifty men anxiously await the arrival of the first boats. If there are no fish there is no work for them. When the news arrives that the boats have their welcome cargoes, the women, in their picturesque costumes, rush to the cannery and each takes her place in the great room, where the fish undergo their first preparation.

Here the sardines are spread upon the table and sprinkled with salt. Then they are cleaned, and when that operation is finished they are sorted by little boys and carried into another part of the establishment, where they are put in pickle.

After this the fish are washed and placed, one by one, with great care, upon wire nets, called "grills," and put out to dry in the open air. If the weather is wet or even foggy this operation is impossible.

The tins in which the sardines are then packed are carried to the oiling room, where the last manipulation consists of filling them with oil. It is in this part of the establishment that the tomato sauce and the spices are placed in their boxes, which give to the French preparation their universal renown.

In any one of the above important establishments the sardines are prepared and exported ten hours after coming out of the water. Gourmets should never eat newly prepared sardines. They have neither the perfume nor the flavour of those which have lain in the boxes for a year.

"WHY do you insist upon taking your wife out these dreadfully cold nights?"

"Our doctor told her it was dangerous for her to talk in the open air and she believes him."

BEGGS: "Fine feathers do not make fine birds, you know."

BEGGS: "Perhaps not, but they make it possible for any old bird to be made up to deceive nine men out of ten."

The Cabman Was Posted.

"I THOUGHT to have a little fun with a Genoa cab driver one day," writes a correspondent, "and so I walked up to him and told him to drive me to the tomb of Lord Nelson. He hesitated for about half a second and then told me to jump in. After driving me about half a mile he halted in front of a monument in a square, and gravely announced:

"Behold zee tomb of zee Lord Nelson!"

"I got out and walked round and had a good look at the erection, and then returned to the man to say:

"But why does the inscription refer to Christopher Columbus?"

"Because, monsieur," he replied, as he pretended to examine a wheel of his cab, "they were twin brothers and died in each other's arms to save zee crown of England!"

One on the Old Man.

He was the son of a worthy citizen, and had just returned from college. His father was a brusque, matter-of-fact man, who had no liking for anything pronounced, and he noticed with sorrow that his son returned with the latest thing in collars, and various other insignia of fashion.

The old gentleman surveyed him critically, when he appeared in his office, and then blurted out:

"Young man, you look like an idiot!"

Just at that moment, and before the young man had time to make a fitting reply, a friend walked in.

"Why, halloo, Billy! Have you returned from college?" he asked. "Dear me, how much you resemble your father!"

"So he has been telling me," replied Billy.

And from that day to this the old gentleman has had no fault to find with his son.

A Voice for Any Occasion.

THE wife of a tenor singer says that of all the tributes paid to the beauty and pathos of her husband's voice, the one which touched her most had in it an element of humour despite its gravity.

She sat at a concert directly in front of two old ladies, whose comments on the soprano who graced the occasion were far from flattering.

"She can sing high," said one of the old ladies, "but somehow I'm not moved by it, Sarah."

"I should think not," returned her friend decidedly. "The woman lacks soul."

Later, when the tenor sang, his wife listened half anxiously to hear what the old ladies would say of him.

"Oh, Sarah!" exclaimed the one who had not been "moved" by the soprano, "Oh, Sarah, what a sweet singer!"

"Yes; and what a voice for a funeral!" exclaimed Sarah. "If we could have secured him for father's funeral, it would have made a beautiful occasion!"

When Visitors Call.

THERE are people in the world—perhaps you know of one or two—who never seem prepared for callers.

A visitor throws them into a great state of excitement, and a ring at the door-bell seems to surprise them as much as if they were living in the heart of the wilderness.

There is a mad rush to pick up papers, arrange curtains, shut doors, beat and straighten sofa cushions, and clean up generally while the servant has gone to answer the bell.

Of course, I refer to people who are not in the best circumstances, and have no special "day."

Then the visitor, having been ushered into the drawing-room and left to her fate, may have the pleasant privilege of hearing the following, uttered in the next room, and but poorly guarded by the thin partition:

"Who is it, Jane?"

"Here's her card, ma'am."

"Oh, dear, dear; if it isn't that Mrs. Jones! Now, what on earth does she want?"

"I dunno, ma'am."

"I didn't ask you, Jane. You can go."

Then two or three excited women's voices.

"Of course, she comes when I look like a sweep. Now I've got to stop this work and dress to see her."

"Hush! She'll hear you."

"Well, I don't much care if she does."

This in a lower tone, but it reaches all right:

"Perhaps Jane didn't say you were in."

"Oh, I might as well see her, I suppose."

"I wonder if we've got to invite her to lunch?"

"Oh, I suppose so. You girls had better tidy up a bit. She's awfully dressy, you know."

By this time the visitor, if she is at all sensitive and has a sense of humour—oh, gift worth millions!—may do as an acquaintance of mine did under almost identical circumstances.

She heard the comments that her call created with varying emotions and decided on a bold step.

Going softly to the door, she opened it and looked out into the hall.

No one in sight!

She left the room on tiptoe, reached the stairs, descended them softly, opened the front door with caution, closed it with ditto ditto, and sped up the street out of sight.

Not strictly ladylike, perhaps, but horribly natural, and as our friend Yum Yum sings:

"And I, for one, don't blame her."

YEAST: "How's the food at your boarding-house?"

BEAK: "Like this: The other day we had soup, and it was so thin that a fellow took his plate for a finger-bowl, and washed his hands in it!"

"WHERE'S your bottle of cough medicine, Josiah?"

"What do you want with it?"

"Well, you won't take it, and as it cost ninepence it shan't be wasted. I'm going to polish the piano with it."

YOU FILL IN THE COUPON. WE DO THE REST.

If the Figures you write on this Coupon should be the only correct forecast made, it will bring you in £1,000. In the last Competition two coupons similar to this brought in £500 each to two lucky individuals.

CLOSES IN TWO WEEKS.

DON'T DELAY. ENTER NOW.

TO win this substantial sum of money, all you have to do is to fill up the coupon below, giving in the proper place the number of births and the number of deaths which will occur in the Thirty-three Great Towns in England and Wales for the week ending July 1st, 1899.

Then write down your name and address, and ask the newsagent or bookstall clerk from whom you obtained this copy of "P.W." to insert his name and address in the space provided. Although such a course is obviously to his advantage, it is not compulsory for the coupon to bear his signature.

Newsagents and bookstall clerks may sign any number of coupons.

To the person whose attempt is correct we will pay the sum of £1,000.

To the newsagent or bookstall clerk whose name appears on the winning coupon we will pay the sum of £100, and £5 to each of the boys attached to the bookstall from which the paper was bought.

If no competitor estimates the correct number of births and deaths, the £1,000 will be awarded to the individual whose forecast is most nearly correct.

In the event of two or more persons being correct, the £1,000 will be divided amongst them. This condition applies also to the £100 for the newsagent or bookstall clerk, and the £5 for bookstall boys.

One competitor may send in any number of attempts.

It must be clearly understood that all persons who enter for this competition must abide by the decision of the Editor in any question that may arise in connection with the competition.

All attempts to be addressed to the Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and the envelope to be marked in the left-hand corner with the word: "BIRTHS."

As a guide to your estimate we give below the number of Births and Deaths which have taken place in the thirty-three largest towns in England and Wales for the corresponding period during the past three years.

Registered during the Week Ending July 4th, 1896.		Registered during the Week Ending July 3rd, 1897.		Registered during the Week Ending July 2nd, 1898.	
Births.	Deaths.	Births.	Deaths.	Births.	Deaths.
6,372	3,691	7,115	3,106	6,575	3,203

The figures published by the Registrar-General will be taken as correct. On December 2nd, 1898, a competition similar to this was declared legal by the Appeal Court.

THIS COMPETITION CLOSES ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28th.

P.W.] My estimate is { Births } Write in
Deaths..... } large figures.

Name

Address.....

Newsagent or Bookstall Clerk *

* If a bookstall clerk the name of the station will be sufficient.

THIS PRIZE IS OFFERED IN CONJUNCTION WITH "HOME NOTES," "SHORT STORIES," "SUNDAY READER," AND "PASTIMES."

M. A. P. "A lively journal of amiable personalities."—Vide Press.

SERIAL STORY.

CAGED!

The Romance of a Lunatic Asylum.

By HEADON HILL.

Author of "Guilty Gold," "Queen of the Night," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII. (continued).

So it was that after he had lunched with his family, ignoring his imbecile mother and goading his aspiring sister Lottie with spiteful gibes, Victor Vantbrace took his place in the tawdry reception room, while his father went to fetch the object of his villainy, his scheme being facilitated by finding the Head Nurse in the hall.

Now it is not to be supposed that Victor had been in the house for several hours without Nina Elmslie becoming aware of it, and when Simon inquired for Kate, with instructions to bring her down, she guessed what was in the wind.

"If it's one of her friends come to see her, wouldn't it be well to make an excuse?" said Elmslie, wishing to gain time. "She is not very presentable—after the bath treatment."

"Never mind; you go and fetch her," insisted Simon. "Her friend ain't so partickler as all that."

There was nothing for it but to obey, and Elmslie ascended the stairs almost in despair. Infatuated as she was herself with the handsome scoundrel, she could not believe that Kate would hold out longer against Victor's proposals, after her ill-usage of that morning, unless fortified with some fresh weapon. By the time she reached the landing Elmslie's brow had cleared. In her devilish cunning she had hit upon a weapon to place in Kate's hands which would have the double advantage of assuring her resistance to her persecutor, and of making it dangerous for them ever to allow her to escape alive.

Kate had been taken to her room after the vile outrage of the bath, and, on entering, the Nurse scanned her with a coldly critical eye. She was shivering still from the ice-cold douches and her cheeks burnt with a feverish flush, yet without flinching she rose from the bed on which she had flung herself, and confronted her enemy.

"You are wanted in the reception-room," said Elmslie, for the second time that day raising a thrill of hope in the poor girl's breast. "Mr. Vantbrace has sent me for you."

"Mr. Vantbrace," repeated Kate, wondering if she had heard aright. "Surely you do not take your orders from him?"

"Why not?" Elmslie began, elevating her arched eyebrows, and then, checking herself with artfully simulated confusion, she added, "oh, dear! but I have let the cat out of the bag now, and I shall lose my place if it gets to his ears. You will promise not to let on that I mentioned that name, won't you, Miss Milborne? I can make it up to you in a hundred ways."

"I really do not understand you," said Kate haughtily. "Why should Mr. Vantbrace send for me, and why should you not have mentioned his name?"

"Because the proprietor gave special instructions when you came here that on no account was his name to come to your knowledge," replied Elmslie, watching keenly for the effect of her words.

It was instant and complete, for the revelation let in a flood of daylight upon a situation for the truth of which Kate had been vaguely groping ever since her incarceration. In one sense it was a relief to her, for she knew now for a certainty that she was not there by the consent of her friends; in another it added to her distress as showing beyond doubt that she was the object of a dangerous conspiracy.

"So the name of that wicked old man is Vantbrace!" she said calmly. "I see now why I was brought here and for what purpose I am being ill-used. So long as I remain in the Asylum I will not betray the source of my knowledge, but I may have to do so after my release, in order to have him punished. And—and if I am persecuted by Mr. Victor Vantbrace again during my stay I shall tell them that I know—without saying how I learnt it."

Elmslie had gained her point, and she led the way downstairs hiding a smile of triumph. She was assured, now, of what she need not have had the least fear, that Kate would suffer anything rather than give way, and what she might do after her release did not trouble her. That night at the keyhole in the private wing had divulged what the alternative to marriage was to be.

In the hall Simon was awaiting them, and, relieving the Head Nurse of her charge, escorted Kate to the reception-room, ushering her in and shutting the door upon her. In the meanwhile Elmslie, in apparent unconcern, had seated herself on one of the benches and pretended to read a newspaper which one of the keepers lately returned from London had left there. Simon, too preoccupied to talk, walked up and down, flapping his coat-tails nervously.

Suddenly Nina Elmslie's eyes, which had been wandering over the paper hardly noticing what they saw, grew fixed and concentrated, and she read a paragraph, conspicuously placed among the "Latest Intelligence," twice through. It was not till Simon had passed to and fro half a dozen times that she was able to command her voice so as to say naturally:

"There's some more about that smash on the South Eastern in the first edition of the *Gloss*. One of the passengers was robbed of a diamond worth no end of money, it seems."

Simon Vantbrace was at her side in an instant, clutching at the news-sheet with shaking fingers. This is what he read:

"We understand that Mr. Lindsay Cathcart, one of the

passengers who was injured in the accident to the Boat Express from Dover yesterday evening, has incurred a serious loss through that dastardly outrage. On regaining consciousness this morning after a slight concussion of the brain, he made the discovery that he had been robbed of a diamond valued at between sixty and eighty thousand pounds. Information was at once given to the police, but up to the time of going to press they are said to be without any clue to the thief."

Simon's mottled face grew purple as he read, and taking the paper with him he began to walk unsteadily to the door of the reception-room. He had nearly reached it when it was opened from within and his son came out, closing the door behind him. Victor's scowl grew deeper at the sight of his father's agitation.

"It's no go—you've muffed it somehow," he whispered, subduing his voice on perceiving Elmslie watching him. "She has found out my connection with the place, and is fit to fly at my throat."

"It don't much matter," said Simon, mopping his forehead. "Read that!"

Victor seized the paper, glanced through the paragraph, made a curious whistling sound through his teeth, and looked his father full in the face.

"It will have to be the other thing," he said with meaning. "This settles the matrimonial project for good and all."

Simon had gone weak at the knees, but he braced himself and turned to Elmslie.

"You can take the patient upstairs again," he quavered.

"And, Nurse, treat 'er well. There won't be no call to put her in the refractory again. I'm—I'm going to try another cure—special diet." With which he grabbed feebly at Victor's coat-sleeve and went away, mouthing, to the private wing.

When the two Vantbraces had disappeared Elmslie went to the door of the reception-room, the light of victory smouldering in her fine eyes.

"Come!" she said gaily, "your 'friend' has gone—and from what I saw of him I do not think that he is likely to worry you again—thanks to my mistake, oh?"

And as she attended Kate, still quivering with indignant defiance, back to her room, Nina Elmslie trod as though on air.

"Exit the lover, and enter the apothecary," she muttered softly under her breath, "How soon will that 's nothing from Zinzcraft' come into play, I wonder?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN OPENING TRAIL.

LINDSAY CATHCART lay on a sofa in the library of his father's house at Notting Hill, waiting for the detectives whom he had sent for.

He had proved himself a brave man in facing the situation that confronted him on regaining consciousness that morning after the accident. To find that his father was prostrate with brain-fever in one room, his mother helpless with nervous debility in another, and that the diamond which was to restore all their fortunes had been stolen from him was bad enough. But the news, tenderly broken to him by the old housekeeper, that Kate had been unaccountably missing for nearly the whole period of his absence, was a crushing blow which to a weaker nature would have been final. On Lindsay it acted as a stimulant to quick recovery.

The thing that chafed him most was that the doctor who had been called in to attend him on his being brought home the night before forbade him, on pain of a serious illness, to leave the house that day. All he could do was to lie still and gather the threads of the catastrophe that had overwhelmed the family.

Naturally such facts as could be ascertained about Kate's disappearance claimed his first attention. Unfortunately, though he knew it not, they came from a tainted source. The story, inspired by Victor Vantbrace, and told by Percy Milborne, of what followed the latter's visit to the theatre with his sister, had been artfully concocted, so as to tally up to a certain point with the truth. Percy had arrived at Surgeon-General Cathcart's shortly after midnight, and had reported that on their way home they had met with a cab accident, that a gentleman, a stranger to both, who happened to be passing in his brougham, offered them "a lift," that as the cabman was threatening they accepted it, and that on his descending to purchase some cigars the coachman had whipped up his horses and driven off.

"The master was in a terrible taking," the housekeeper proceeded. "He went out at once to give information to the police along with Mr. Percy, so as the young gentleman could describe the carriage and the man in it. When he came back he was in a raging fever, and from that day to this he's been light-headed off and on. Of course, the mistress was not able to conduct inquiries, so the matter was left to Mr. Percy and the police. Between them they've just done nothing."

Primed with this meagre outline Lindsay had acted promptly. He had dispatched a messenger to Scotland Yard to report the loss of the diamond, and request that, as he was too ill to move, the detectives would come and see him. And he had instructed the messenger to call at Percy Milborne's rooms in Jermyn Street and bring the young man without delay. Nothing would satisfy him till he had learnt from Percy's lips what steps he had taken to find his sister.

But yet another blow was in store for him. Towards one o'clock, after several hours' weary waiting, the messenger returned and ushered in, not Percy Milborne, but a dissipated though not dishonest-looking man, whom Lindsay recognized as the young spendthrift's servant.

"I didn't want you, Garrett: where is Mr. Milborne?" said Lindsay impatiently.

"That's just what I wish you could tell me, sir," the man replied. "My master has not been to his rooms since the day before yesterday, though he told me to sit up for him that night. He's a-going it a bit wilder than usual lately,

sir, so I took the liberty of informing the police yesterday. I am afraid something may have happened to him."

"Going it wilder than usual?" Lindsay exclaimed. "Has he not been devoting himself to a search for Miss Milborne?"

"I can't say, sir; but I haven't noticed any difference in his habits. I never heard there was this trouble about Miss Milborne till your servant told me in the cab just now," was the astounding reply.

Obviously this man was useless for his purpose, and Lindsay dismissed him with an injunction to send word immediately if Percy returned to his lodging. His training at the Bar, brief as it had been, told him there was a mystery here which would take some unravelling. He knew that Kate's brother was a hopeless scapgrace, with habits that would not stand inquiry; but that he should carry on as usual, without mentioning his sister's disappearance to his confidential man, tended, from the point of view of a prosecuting counsel, to implicate him. And now, just at the moment when his assistance would have been doubly useful, he was missing himself.

"When the principal witness keeps out of the way, it looks very much as if the principal witness ought to be in the dock," Lindsay reflected, and he fell to racking his battered brain for what possible interest the ruined ne'er-do-well could have had in his sister's spiriting away. That Percy was capable, under pressure, of committing almost any enormity he quite believed, but he could not see where the profit was to come in. Lindsay decided that his first course must be to find out what transactions young Milborne had had with the police in the matter, and to stimulate them to renewed activity.

But for the moment his train of thought was interrupted by the announcement that the detectives had arrived. On being shown in, the shorter of the two introduced himself as Sergeant Trevor and his companion as Sergeant Godbold—both of the E, or Bow Street, Division of Police.

"I remember you well, sir," added the smart Sergeant. "You were junior for the defence in that forged will case at the Old Bailey last summer. Hope we shall be able to score as well now that we are on your side, sir."

Lindsay re-echoed the wish. He had good reason to recall the pair of tireless sleuth-hounds whose skilful handling of the case mentioned had robbed him of the sweets of triumph, and he was glad that they had been detailed to assist him. "But is it not unusual for Scotland Yard to send divisional officers, when application is made to headquarters?" he said.

Trevor made a wry face, and Godbold looked as if he was going to weep. "We are put on the case because we happened to be on the platform when your train arrived last night," said the former. "And I wish to goodness we had been anywhere else. Why? Well, we arrested a man who came by it on a warrant we'd held for three months, and when he was brought before the magistrate this morning blessed if he hadn't got an *alibi* as pat as you please."

"Did he prove it?" asked Lindsay with interest. He had a shrewd suspicion who the prisoner was.

"Up to the hilt, by the lies of as sweet a little crowd of perjured witnesses as I hope you'll never have to cross-examine, sir," said Trevor bitterly. "The magistrate couldn't help but discharge him, and he's loose somewhere now. I'll eat him, though, if Mr. Flash Alf Spriggs isn't the chap that had Lord Haverstock's plate."

"He didn't have Mr. Cathcart's diamond, anyway," was Godbold's addition to this dismal story.

"No, he couldn't have done that," said Trevor. "He was searched to the skin at the station, and we had him handcuffed before he had time to pass it to a pal, if he had one about. If he'd taken the diamond we should have found it on him."

Now this solved one question which had been greatly troubling Lindsay. On finding that the diamond was gone he had not unnaturally thought of Flash Alf as the possible thief. It was quite within the limits of human weakness that the young burglar, with a sudden opportunity almost thrust upon him, had allowed force of habit to get the better of his gratitude. Even amid his own great troubles this view had caused Lindsay deep regret, and he had hated the idea of imparting his suspicion to the police. That they themselves should thus confute the theory without his having to mention it was a great relief to him, for he had taken a fancy to the man whom he had helped, and who had since helped him.

He, therefore, contented himself with giving a description of the diamond, and with imparting the details of his journey from Dover up to the accident. There had only been one gentleman in the carriage with him, he said, who had got in as the train was starting, and they had had no conversation together except on politics and the weather. He had never seen the gentleman before, and certainly had not mentioned the diamond to him.

"All the same, we may as well know what he looked like," said Trevor, producing his note-book.

Lindsay described Victor Vantbrace's most prominent features as well as he could remember them, summing up his fellow-passenger as "a showy sort of person, not quite the best style."

The detectives exchanged glances. Lindsay's description had been tolerably close, and they had not forgotten the original object with which they had gone to meet the train at Charing Cross. Trevor pencilled a few words in his note-book for form's sake, and showed every sign of wanting to take a hasty departure with promises to do his best. But Lindsay begged him to wait, and told of the trouble the family was in about Kate's disappearance. He did not suppose that the matter had been in their hands, but it was possible they might know something of it. He only mentioned Kate's surname at the end of his short sketch, and then Trevor caught him up quickly:

"What is the young lady's name, sir?"

"Miss Kate Milborne."

"Any relation of Mr. Percy Milborne, of 90 Jermyn Street?"

"His sister."

Godbold sighed deeply, but Trevor annihilated him with a glance and went on:

"You are aware that Mr. Percy Milborne has not been seen at his rooms for two nights?"

"His servant has just been here, and has informed me of the fact," replied Lindsay. "For Heaven's sake tell me what is in your mind, I can see that you know something."

But Trevor shook his head, saying: "We haven't touched bottom by a long chalk yet, sir. Mr. Percy Milborne's case has been entrusted to us, but not that of his sister; though now you mention the lady's name I remember something about it. If I am not mistaken she was reported as missing to the police at the local station some time back, and her name was circulated to the other stations."

"It was withdrawn the next day," said Godbold.

"That was so," continued Trevor, "and the presumption, of course, was that the lady had either been found, or that her relatives had some good reason for not proceeding with the search."

"She had no relatives except her brother, Mr. Percy Milborne," said Lindsay; "and my father, Surgeon-General Cathcart, who was her guardian, has been too ill from the very night of her disappearance to take any steps in the matter. If he had been well enough he certainly would not have rested till his ward was recovered."

Trevor shot a quick glance at his colleague, which was met by a responsive telegraph from the melancholy eyes. "Mr. Percy Milborne was the only available witness of his sister's abduction—according to his story?" inquired the spokesman of the detectives.

"Yes," replied Lindsay, guessing from the suggestively apologetic tone what was in the mind of the smart Sergeant.

"Then, sir, I should lose no time in inquiring at the Notting Hill Police-station at whose instance the search was dropped," said Trevor, with unusual gravity. "If you will allow us, we will do so ourselves, as you are disabled, on leaving here. And the sooner we go the better, for we want to get on the track of your diamond. I may say this much—we know that there was a man in the train quite capable of relieving you of it, and we shall look him up at once."

Thanking his visitors, Lindsay was about to ring for them to be shown out, when there came a tap at the door, and the housekeeper entered. "A gentleman to see you, sir, about the diamond, or I shouldn't have shown him up," she announced, and ushered in Flash Alf, genially beaming on the assembled company.

"Glad to meet you so soon again, Mr. Trevor, sir, and you, Mr. Godbold," said the ex-prisoner, as he passed the astonished detectives. "I've saved you one job already this morning, and I expect I'm in time to save you another. Here is your diamond, Mr. Cathcart, none the worse for its travels, and I hope you haven't been much upset about it."

And the detectives had to look on aghast while the man who had eluded them on one charge, and whom they had just confidently pronounced to have had nothing to do with the diamond, took the huge gem from his pocket and restored it in all its sparkling purity to its rightful owner. Lindsay grasped his hand.

"I thought I was not mistaken in you," he said. "So sure was I that you would not have robbed me that the sergeants will bear me out that I never even mentioned you to them."

Alf looked his gratitude, but the police officers began to mutter together, and Trevor said with polite sarcasm:

"We must congratulate you, Mr. Cathcart, on having such a useful acquaintance. Of course, it is now merely curiosity on our part, but we should be interested if Mr. Alfred Spriggs would oblige with an explanation."

"That's due to everybody," Alf assented cheerfully. "Mr. Cathcart and I have been fellow travellers, and I knew he had a valuable diamond on him. I also knew, from an anonymous letter he told me he received before starting for India, that someone on the crooked lay had an interest in his fetching home that diamond safe. Well, at Dover I saw a chap get into the carriage with him that I am aware is not straight, so after the smash, seeing Mr. Cathcart was not able to look after it, I lifted the diamond and gave it to a friend to mind for the rest of the journey."

"Why didn't you mind it yourself?" said Trevor sharply.

But Alf was not to be had that way, and only grinned at him—more than ever when Lindsay said:

"I am quite satisfied, gentlemen. It is too long a story to trouble you with now, but I may tell you that this is not the first time that Mr. Spriggs has prevented the loss of the diamond. And perhaps I may point out that he is quite in accord with the theory you had formed. I think you suspected that the man in the carriage with me had committed the robbery; probably you would have been right if he had had the chance."

Godbold appeared to cough in the ear of his colleague, who put his question so promptly that the cough may have been a suggestion:

"The man in the compartment with Mr. Cathcart was Vantbrace, was he not?" said Trevor.

It was Flash Alf's turn to be taken aback. Ignorant how much or how little the detectives knew on that point, he wisely abstained from prevarication and nodded his head.

"Is that name familiar to you, sir?" said Trevor, addressing Lindsay. "I ask, not on account of the diamond affair, which seems to have settled itself, but because the name of Vantbrace is in my notebook with regard to Mr. Percy Milborne's disappearance. You will understand. There may be a connection."

Lindsay thought he remembered the name vaguely, but he certainly did not remember the man. If he was the person who had travelled with him from Dover, he most assuredly had never met him personally. He said as much, but then suddenly rang the bell.

"Mrs. Baldwin," he said, when the housekeeper answered the summons, "I seem to have some recollection of the

name of Vantbrace—in connection with Miss Kate's brother. Had he any acquaintance of that name, do you know?"

Sergeant Trevor looked weary, but Godbold craned his great lean head forward to peer eagerly at the kindling intelligence in the old servant's careworn face. The opening up of this trail was evidently due to the sergeant.

"I mind the gentleman well, sir," replied the housekeeper. "He was often here with Mr. Percy before our dear young lady was lost, though never since but once, on the next day, when he came to inquire for news. Miss Kate hated the sight of him, sir, and many is the time I've denied her to him."

Godbold glanced significantly at his colleague to see if his idea had been assimilated by the other. There was no direct evidence that this was the case; but Trevor made abruptly for the door.

"Come," he said, "we are wasting time here. We will go to the police-station, and make sure why the search for the young lady was slackened so soon. Expect us back in half-an-hour, Mr. Cathcart, and if you will take our advice"—with a spiteful look at Alf—"you will have the plate-chest watched."

But Lindsay did no such thing. Left alone with the young crackman, he drew from that astute practitioner—doubly astute now that he was back on his own ground—a full account of Gussie's journey to Dover, of her reason for taking it, and of the great service she was to him in safeguarding the diamond during his not altogether unexpected arrest. After which, partly because his heart was full of the subject and partly because he had proved his good faith, Lindsay told Alf of the desolation he had come home to. Alf listened intently to every detail, and at the conclusion startled the narrator with the irrelevant remark:

"If it hadn't been for you, sir, I might have been a blooming idol in that temple out yonder. I see those black devils' faces now, sometimes in my sleep."

"What has that got to do with it?" asked Lindsay, wondering.

"It means that when those tecs come back I'm going to tell them the whole yarn, from me breaking into your house and overhearing your talk about going to India, right down to Gussie warning me at Dover yesterday," replied Alf firmly. "It isn't a pleasant thing to do, but I'm going to do it because I'm in a fog—except about one point."

"And that is?"

"That Victor Vantbrace has got something to do with the young lady's disappearance," replied Alf confidently. "He must have had some deep game afoot, for—I won't keep it from you any longer—he was the chap who warned you against me. It must have been him. I told him where I was going myself, needing to borrow money off him for expenses, which he wouldn't lend."

Before Lindsay had recovered from the shock of hearing that an associate of professional thieves had had access to his father's house as a friend of Kate's misguided brother the detectives returned.

"There has been foul play, sir," said Trevor shortly. "It was Mr. Percy Milborne who called at the station and asked the inspector to drop the matter. It had been discovered, he said, that his sister was safe with friends in the country. It looks as if he was in it himself, and took advantage of Dr. Cathcart's illness to stop the police."

Lindsay hardly knew whether to be relieved or cast down by the suspicion gathering round Percy Milborne. A young fellow who would own as a friend such a scoundrel as this Vantbrace appeared to be would go far on the road of crime; yet after all he was Kate's brother—her only living relative. Surely he would do her no vital injury. Alf Lindsay could do was to motion Flash Alf to make the sacrifice which he had promised.

This Alf did very thoroughly, not sparing himself in the least, from his abortive burglary at the house he was in, to his intention to forestall Lindsay with the diamond, and all that happened subsequently. Especially did he dwell on Zinzcraft's visit to his mother and the tale of threatened danger to himself that the little doctor had brought. The only point on which he was silent, as not relevant to the issue, was the means by which he supplied himself with funds for his journey.

Trevor and Godbold conferred together in whispers. "This is true, sir—the part, that is, of which you have cognizance?" said the former to Lindsay, who assented readily. "And you do not wish to give Spriggs into custody for breaking into this house?" pursued Trevor, eyeing his lost prey with the flicker of a frosty smile.

"Hardly," was the reply, in a tone which amply repaid Alf for baring his secrets to his hereditary enemies.

"Then, for the purposes of clearing up the Milborne mystery, you are our ally, Mr. Alfred Spriggs. And," continued the detective seriously, "my colleague and I are agreed on this—to everyone but us four the diamond must remain as lost. If the fact of its recovery got abroad, it would act dead against a certain theory we want to test. Remember, not a word to a living soul of what has passed within the four walls of this room to-day."

Which was very smart of Sergeant Trevor and of the grim inspirer at his elbow, for the theory upon which they were starting work was absolutely correct. But they did not know—how should they?—that the course of action they advised was the virtual signing of a death warrant, and that with the diamond publicly proclaimed as hopelessly gone, Kate Milborne was to be put upon "special diet."

And so far the Grey House and its horrors was a sealed book to them which it might take many fateful days to open. Victor Vantbrace, popinjay man of fashion and consort of fly-by-night noblemen, had very carefully kept concealed the fact that his father was the proprietor of a private lunatic asylum. In covering up such a damaging stigma, he had set his trackers a task of nosing out "antecedents" which they went about diligently, but leisurely—in ignorance that they were engaged in a fight against time.

(To be continued.)

The Demands of "Copy."

A GOOD story is going the rounds at the expense of one of our best-known lady journalists. She is married, and blessed with two golden-haired little daughters, who promise to possess all their mother's intelligence.

Recently Marion, the youngest (that is not her name, but it will do for the story), went to the study, and said:

"Oh! mamma, Sissie and I have such a lovely secret about our dolls. I would like to tell you, only—"

Mamma looked up from her work and inquired:

"Only what, dearie?"

"Only, I'm afraid you would write it up."

Almost Unnerved Her.

MARIE: "Maud and I were in town yesterday, and as we were walking along one of the streets we looked up and saw some men on a ladder, painting a building. They must have been at least fifty feet above the ground, and all of a sudden one of them slipped and almost fell. I was terribly shocked."

Harry: "I'm not surprised at that. I suppose, in your mind's eye you could see the poor fellow shooting down through the air, even though he succeeded in saving himself."

Marie: "Oh, it wasn't that. In his awkward clutch at something he upset his paint, and a big splotch of it came right down on my new spring hat. Did you ever hear of anyone who had such luck as I have?"

Two Men too Mean.

"THE meanest man I ever knew," said the short passenger, "was a fellow who got a football and painted it to look like a watermelon. Then during the summer months he kept it conspicuously displayed in his back yard, and amused himself setting a savage bulldog on hungry people who happened to take a fancy to the bogus melon."

"He certainly had his mean points," said the tall passenger, "but I know a fellow who could give him a discount and then beat him at his own game. I was in a restaurant once where this fellow was getting his dinner. After he had finished he called the waiter who had served him and asked:

"How much do you get for a tip, as a rule?"

"The waiter's eyes sparkled; he rubbed his hands together, and replied:

"Well, sir, we generally get at least sixpence, but sometimes nice, genteel, prosperous-looking gents like you gives us a bob."

"Then what did this fellow do but put on his hat and say:

"Thanks. I merely wanted to know how much I was going to save by not giving you anything."

He had Objections.

WHEN the jury in the case of John Smith, accused of shooting a barman, went out for deliberation, it was expected that there would be a speedy agreement on a verdict of guilty. It didn't turn out that way, however. As a matter of fact, after being out all night, the jury let it be known that no agreement could be reached. There was one man who had hung out from the first, and no argument could be advanced to bring him over.

"Mr. Body," said the judge after the foreman had reported, "is there any point on which you are not clear?"

"Not a point," was the reply.

"You heard ten good men testify to the man."

"I did."

"Each and every one swore that it was unprovoked."

"Yes, sir."

"Then you must be satisfied that it was murder?" continued the judge.

"Yes, sir, I am."

"And yet you refuse to agree to a verdict of guilty. Will you give your reasons?"

"I will, sir. I don't want it thrown up to the family later on."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, that I was on the jury, and helped to convict my own brother! I don't care whether Bill hangs or not, but it don't look right to me to be mixed up in it!"

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HOW MEN HAVE MADE MILLIONS.

Some Golden Roads to Fortune.

IV.—SOURCES OF GREAT FORTUNES (Continued).

THE history of the discovery of gold in Australia makes peculiar reading in these days when the mere suspicion of gold in a district, however close to uninhabitable regions, will cause a rush. Gold in Australia was discovered—one might almost be pardoned for saying first discovered—many times. But the news of the earliest discoveries was jealously kept from spreading. This may sound mysterious, but the whole secret lay in the presence of the convicts then in Australia.

Had a gold panic broken out it was feared that many a keeper would be found murdered, and many a convict discovered to have regained liberty and made off to try his luck in searching for the yellow metal that is said to be the root of all evil. People have ever been eager to dig for that root, and convicts do not lose all their original sin when they don striped suits.

It is stated that convicts were the first actual finders of gold. This happened in the year 1814, the spot being near Bathurst. These unfortunate men gathered together a quantity quite sufficient to lead them to believe that they had found a gold mine. But when they reported what they considered their good fortune to the keeper he, instead of undertaking to recommend them for pardon or easing their hard labours in any way, threatened to

Give Them All a Sound Flogging

if they ventured again to say a word about the matter, or to spend any more time picking up gold.

According to Hutchinson the next find was made by Assistant-Surveyor M'Brian on the Fish River in 1823, not far from the spot where the convicts had come across it nine years before.

Two years after this a regrettable affair took place at Sydney.

A convict was discovered with a nugget of gold in his possession. When asked how he had come by the metal he said that he had picked it up in the bush. He was cautioned and told that the authorities had no doubt that he had stolen the gold, but the prisoner stoutly held to his original tale. At length he was taken out and severely flogged in public as a thief. There is now no doubt that the man told the truth. In the Vale of Clwydd, in the Blue Mountains, Count Strzlecki came across gold. This was in 1839, but the Government so feared the effect the news of the find was likely to have upon the great number of convicts at the time stationed on the island continent, that it persuaded the Count to say nothing more about the matter.

So matters drifted on. Time and time again bushmen, shepherds, convicts, surveyors picked up small nuggets and brought them to the centres of population, but at that day people were nothing like so keen on gold mining as they subsequently became, and the subject of gold in Australia was not pursued as one would expect it to be.

The discovery of gold in California changed all that. Those rich fields, panning out their golden store and filling the coffers of lucky individuals and governments at a rate never before dreamed of, awakened a thirst for prospecting all the world over. In every part of the earth men went out with pick and pan hoping to come across

A Short Cut to Fortune.

When the news of California's fortune reached Australia many took ship to America's shore, and among these was Hammond Hargreaves, an Englishman, native of Gosport, who had emigrated to New South Wales in 1832. In Australia he engaged in farming without much profit, and was among the first to rush for California.

On reaching the auriferous region the first thing that struck him was the similarity of the geological formation in California and Bathurst, Australia, and there and then he made up his mind to inquire into the subject should he ever return to Australia. He worked for something like a couple of years in California, and then set sail for New South Wales. Returning he, of course, carried in his mind the thought that perhaps there might be gold in Bathurst, and when he landed he set to work to make a thorough search.

So far in his career there is no quarrel; his afterdoings and his title to be considered the real discoverer have been matters of bitter dispute. Certainly he got the credit for being the discoverer, and very substantial credit, too, and it was not until the close of his life that his right to the title of first finder and also to the heavy money subsidies that were made him by Australian Governments were disputed.

As New South Wales had granted Mr. Hargreaves a reward of £10,000 the Government thought the matter of whether or no the right party had received the reward one of sufficient public interest to warrant an inquiry, and appointed a committee to examine into the affair. It will be as well to take this committee's finding as correct. From this it appears that Hargreaves spent

a great deal of time prospecting, but without success, and giving the job up as a bad one, made up his mind to take to some other occupation.

Before this, however, he had made the acquaintance of William and James Toms and J. H. O. Lister, who were anxious to prospect for gold. Hargreaves taught them how to use pick and pan, the dish and the cradle; in fact, gave them a practical if rough education into the mysteries of gold and gold-bearing rocks and gravel. These men struck out, and, as has been said, Hargreaves "chucked it." But in April, 1851, the three pupils returned to their old master, and lo! in their pockets they carried gold to the amount of four ounces.

Hargreaves, knowing the ropes, took this gold and full directions to the proper quarter. The news went forth, the rush began, rich finds were made, and Hargreaves was hailed as the discoverer of gold in Australia. In reality he had won the title, for it was his knowledge that first educated the Tomses and Lister, and it was his knowledge again that sent them in the right direction.

But most people thought it would have been better had he shared the honour and reward with the actual discoverers. In 1853 he was presented to the Queen as the sole discoverer, and was made much of in England. New South Wales voted him £10,000, Victoria £2,381, and in 1877 New South Wales gave him a pension of £250 a year. He died in 1891. Up to the end of 1888 the total yield of gold in Australia was 83,918,133 ounces, valued at £328,720,115, and since then the output has steadily gone on, and to all appearances Australian yields will continue to pour out the yellow metal for many a day.

The Diamond Fields of the World.

THE diamonds of India have been famous in Europe for the past 300 years, and as the first record of their discovery is dated about B.C. 1500, I am sorry to be unable to give an account of the first find of precious stones. No doubt the history of the local John Smith who made the discovery 3500 years ago would be most entertaining reading to-day, but in those years the art of writing biographies and autobiographies was nothing like so popular with the masses as it is in this year of grace.

But the efforts of ancient diamond diggers are with us yet. Authorities hold for instance that the famous Koh-i-nur, beloved of everybody in this United Kingdom, once belonged to King Vikramaditya, who flourished about the time Julius Cæsar was invading Britain. The diamond grounds of India are widely distributed, and as they have been worked for many centuries, even though the mode of operation has always been primitive and "promiscuous" in the extreme, the chances are that the great dependency has been pretty thoroughly depleted of her diamond store.

To be sure the native princes own a wealth of uncut stones, but these cannot now be dug for, and it is unlikely that diamonds in quantities sufficient to pay an English company for the trouble and expense of properly working a property could now be found. Jean Baptiste Tavernier, a French expert in precious stones and metals, was the first European to thoroughly examine into the diamond wealth of India.

He lived in the seventeenth century, and made no fewer than six visits to India to acquire information and to buy precious stones. From his day on until the nineteenth century had run a quarter of its course India enjoyed a monopoly of the world's diamond market. About 1827 finds were made in Brazil, but not in sufficient quantities to upset the market, although India found a competition in the South American market worthy of her finest gems.

South Africa, however, influenced the diamond market of the world. It has added untold gems to the bright diadem of precious stones that binds the brow of the world, and for years the output from rich Griqualand will continue to increase the general wealth and

Gladden the Hearts of the Ladies.

The history of the discovery of the first diamond in South Africa is quite as interesting as that of the find of gold of California. Like most great discoveries it was quite an accident. In March, 1867, Mr. John O'Reilly, a trader and a hunter, after a hunting trip was returning to Cape Town. He had pursued game on the far side of the Vaal River, and having on his homeward journey reached the district now known as Hopetown, to the south of Orange River, he prepared to pass the night at the farm house of a Boer, whose name was Schalk van Niekark.

In the course of the evening the farmer's children fell to squabbling over some very pretty looking stones they had found, and which, on account of the glint and glimmer of them, the farmer had placed as ornaments on his spare table. O'Reilly's attention was in this way attracted to the stones, and he examined them carefully. Like Marshall with his first grains of Californian gold, O'Reilly could not quite make up his mind what the stones were, but that they certainly were unusual and beautiful he knew. It occurred to him that they might be of some value, so he asked permission of Van Niekark to take one with him. This was readily given, and the fortunate hunter pocketed one that appeared to him the best.

At Colesberg there lived Acting Civil Commissioner Lorenzo Boyes, and, as O'Reilly was passing through, he took his stone for the commissioner to find out what it was. Mr. Boyes was not sure, several Jewish experts

were called in who unhesitatingly said it was nothing more or less than topaz, a quite worthless stone, and O'Reilly thought of throwing it away.

But Mr. Boyes was not so certain of the worthlessness of the flashing stone. He suggested that it better be sent to a Dr. Atherstone at Grahamstown, who would be able to say definitely whether it was of value or not. O'Reilly agreed, and Dr. Atherstone's reply was in the following words: "I congratulate you on the stone you have sent me. It is a veritable diamond, weighs 21½ carats, and is worth £500. It has spoilt all the jewellers' files in Grahamstown, and where that came from there must be lots more."

Sir Philip Wodehouse, the Governor at Cape Town, when he heard of the find sent for the stone, had it valued by Dr. Atherstone, and the French Consul, M. Herriette, paid the price they named and sent the jewel to the Paris Exhibition of 1867. A splendid advertisement for South Africa this diamond proved to be, too.

To be sure the news of the find became noised abroad, but there was no stampede for the district such as took place for the Californian and Australian gold fields. Having had his attention so vividly called to the matter Mr. Boyes obtained leave of absence to visit Schalk van Niekark's farm. The place was rich in stones bright and sparkling, but never another diamond could he find amongst them all. O'Reilly had picked out the one and only gem. Boyes returned deeply disappointed, and the matter dropped.

Half a year passed, and then another lucky individual stumbled across a fine diamond some little distance below where the waters of the Orange and Vaal river conmingle. This warmed up the waning interest.

Again Mr. Boyes hied himself to the district, again he carefully prospected the ground, and again was under the necessity of returning without having found the deposit from which these two stones had wandered. But the blacks had their attention attracted, and drifting in from the country they occasionally came with a genuine diamond

Secreted for Safety in their Clothing.

Further search was made by white men, and still no find. This was most tantalising. The diamonds must come from somewhere, folk argued. It was not at all likely that one would be found lying alone here and one there without there being a deposit of them in the vicinity. An expert from England arrived upon the scene and viewed the landscape o'er. He looked upon these promiscuous finds with grave suspicion, and finally came to the conclusion that the whole excitement was merely a bait to lure adventurous souls into the district and so promote other industries. His impression was that the stones found had been brought there from afar, perhaps by ostriches.

Local authorities scoffed at this authority, and the war of words continued, the local men always having rather the better of it because scarcely a week passed without a diamond of more or less value being picked up. Ostriches had been peculiarly partial to the district apparently.

At length—it was two years almost to a day after O'Reilly had pocketed the first diamond—someone ran across a native witch-finder, who exhibited a brilliant stone. This he had carried about with him for many days owing to its beauty, and to the further fact that he had not the ghost of a notion that the stone was of any value except as a charm to gull the unsuspecting. After Messrs. Lilienfeld Brothers, of Hopetown, had paid for this "Star of South Africa" £11,000, it was finally

Purchased by the Countess of Dudley for £25,000.

When this find became known then the adventurers that the country was supposed to be trying to entice by false reports swarmed in. Mr. Theodore Reunert, in his "Diamonds and Gold in South Africa," says: "When it was clearly authenticated that a gem of such value had been found, the first great rush of diggers made their way up to the Vaal, fully equipped with mining implements, and prepared to take the place of the previous native searchers who had been merrily scratching the surface."

"First to commence work was a party from Natal"—this party consisted of W. C. King, T. T. Gline, W. Boyes, W. Valentine, H. Becher, and T. Rolleston—"who, after some unsuccessful prospecting on the Free State side of the river, crossed over and formed the first mining camp near the mission station at Hebron."

"Many other diggings were soon opened lower down the river, but still on the northern bank, the larger of these being at Klipdrift, now known as Barkly West. Early in 1870 diamonds were found on the southern bank." In fact, this year and the next were rich in happy discoveries. The ever famous De Beers mine, which has given its name to one of the greatest companies in the world, was hit upon in 1871.

For the five years ending with 1872 there had been reported from Cape Colony gems worth £2,200,348; five years ending 1877, £7,746,671; next five years £16,275,758; next five £15,786,684, and the five years ending with 1892, £20,590,726, an aggregate in the first twenty-five years' working of £62,600,187. Africa is certainly entitled to wear a brilliant star on her forehead.

[To be continued next week. Articles have already appeared on CECIL RHODES (462), JAMES TYSON (463), SOURCES OF GREAT FORTUNES (464).]

Two Hands Worth Having.

HERE you have both the Editor's hands full of gold, silver, copper, and paper money. How much does he hold? There are no coins in the hands except those which are visible to the naked eye, and every coin bears some distinctive mark which identifies it with its current value. The coins are drawn as nearly as possible in their relative sizes. To the person who correctly names the total sum contained in these hands, we will present the aggregate value, whatever it amounts to.

All attempts should be addressed to the "Two Handed Editor," and should reach this office not later than Monday, June 19th. In the event of a tie, the money will be divided.

May we ask you, when sending your attempt, to inclose a few stamps for the Fresh Air Fund?

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lot if you name
the correct
amount.



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pencil-cases will be
given to the next
most nearly correct
competitors.

A GREAT MUSCLE FACTORY.

ALL ABOUT THE FINEST ATHLETIC CLUB IN THE WORLD.

THE Americans have very big minds and very quick minds, and now and then they forge ahead in directions you might not expect. The young American college boy is about the hardest thing muscularly that steps on earth; as it used to be he went into business after he finished his education and became a white-faced one-idea'd money-maker. But this business man now manages to be a sportsman at the same time. He rides, drives, swims, wrestles, boxes, is an expert in the gymnasium, plays tennis and golf and goes in vigorously for yachting if he is rich enough, creating time for the sport if necessary by sailing down to his office in the morning and home in the cool of the afternoon.

There is in New York the finest athletic club in the world. The club-house is conspicuous even in a city noted for its large buildings, and it occupies a superb site overlooking Central Park.

There are nearly 3,000 members, and, among so many you may be as exclusive as you please or have as many friends as you wish to make.

So far as the social side is concerned, the club is like any other big club. There is a fine dining-room, a well-stocked library; there are reading-rooms, writing-rooms, and a large café with a balcony overlooking the park. A big bar is annexed where the inevitable cock-tail is served.

But the wonder of the place is the swimming-bath. This is the biggest bath in New York. From the main hall you step out on to a marble gallery and the huge oblong pool is about fifteen feet below you. From the first gallery you can descend to a second but there is no connection between this and the promenade round the edge of the bath so that the dignity of the club is preserved from men in bathing costume appearing in the hall.

On one side of the bath is a luxurious lounge through which one obtains access to the Turkish baths. From the Turkish baths a private lift carries you up to the locker room, where the members' bath robes are stored, and here there is a second set of cold shower baths and a room where attendants pummel your muscles or rub you down after exercise.

All the adjoining corridors are devoted to private bedrooms.

Through big swing doors you reach three of the show rooms in the club—big airy rooms with padded walls—one room for wrestling, one for fencing and the other for boxing. From another door you enter the gallery overlooking the huge gymnasium. The floor of the gallery is laid with leather and banked at either end,

where it swings round egg-shaped, for this is the running track. You look down through a maze of ropes and trapezes—the big hall is filled with every kind of appliance that an athlete can desire in order to get the best kind of physical exercise. Nothing seems to be forgotten, not even the mechanical outriggers in which oarsmen can keep themselves in good shape for the river.

Another large hall is devoted to bowling alleys, and beneath this are the bicycle stables. You reach these by a hallway at the rear of the club building, which is fitted up with tables and lounges, so that men in their cycling costumes can sit about, smoke and drink to their heart's content, without appearing in the main part of the club. From this hall a private lift runs up to the shower-baths and the corridors devoted to bedrooms.

About six hundred bicycles are stored in the stables, which are divided into two floors, the wheels being drawn up from below by a rope lift. Each bicycle is kept on a separate rack, and they are stored two deep one above the other along the walls.

The New York Athletic Club owns a fine property in the country a little distance up the Sound. The club-house stands by the water's edge. Here, too, are bedrooms for any members who care to make their home there during the summer. It is much like any other country club house, except that at a certain hour every night a vast trap door, like the top of a hatchway on board ship on a giant scale is let down, cutting off the upstairs corridors from the hall below, so that no one who wishes to sleep shall be disturbed by any noise that may be made below.

Overlooking the yacht anchorage are the boat-houses, and near to these the bathing houses and stables. A big grand stand faces the playing fields round which runs a cycle and racing track.

With so many members, the club is rich and can afford to do everything on a handsome scale. The Americans, who understand so well the advantages of big combinations in business, carry out the same idea in their social life. There is no reason why London would not have just such a club as this. We give the advice to our men readers. Get together. You are a poor thing by yourself, though it may be hard to admit. But if you get together there is very little in this world you cannot command, and there is nothing would do you more good than a club where you can end a hard day in the City by athletic exercise, just as much of it or just as little as you want amidst all the luxuries that wealth can buy.

"WHY did that actress horsewhip the editor of the CLAMBOUR CLARION?"

"In making the announcement of her engagement at the opera house, he spoke of her as an 'old favourite.'"

His Love for Grammar

Lost Him the Girl.

"DARLING," he said, softly, and, at the same time, with a certain degree of firmness, "I enjoyed your letters greatly while I was away."

"Oh, did you, George?" cried the beautiful girl, her face glowing with pleasure.

"Yes, Ethel, I did, despite the fact that I could hardly approve of some of the phrases you used."

"Oh, I know I can't write well, George, but you knew what I meant?"

"Yes, I knew what you meant," he said, patronisingly, "but it was nevertheless open to misconstruction, and one cannot be too careful. I am somewhat of a stickler in that line, you know. Now, in your last letter you began, 'My Dearest Darling.'"

"Oh, George!" And the beautiful girl tried to hide her blushes in his shoulder.

"Tut, tut!" he said. "Don't be foolish. That would indicate, you see, that you had several other darlings. Of course, it gives me the preference as being the dearest, but then it doesn't look right for a girl to have too many darlings. One ought to be sufficient, especially when she is engaged."

"Why, George!" She took her head off his shoulder.

"Oh, of course, I know what you mean," he went on in his superior way, "but one might as well be correct. Now, in another letter you called me your 'ownie own.' That doesn't make sense. 'Ownie own' conveys no more meaning than 'own.' Another time—"

"Never mind the other time!" she interrupted.

"Why, my dear, I was only giving you a little instruction in the use of English."

"Oh, yes, my use of language doesn't suit."

The beautiful girl was a trifle excited.

"My dearest—"

"But I'll improve—I'll do better. I suppose if I called a man Mr. Jones it would indicate that there were other Joneses who were not to be called 'Mister'?"

"Um—well—"

"Um, well, yes. And if ever I meet another man named Jones, George Charles Jones, I'll take pains to call him Mr. Jones. Good-night!"

As George Charles Jones walked slowly home, he resolved never again to find fault with the wording of a love-letter. The next feminine heart he captures can roam at will in or out of the dictionary and the grammar.

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TWO THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' tickets in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of Pearson's Weekly may decide to be next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

N.B.—Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-month's subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newspaper to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £2000 RAILWAY INSURANCE and also of the CYCLING INSURANCE has been paid up to June 30th, 1899, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, and against Fatal Cycling Accident under the conditions named in the notice above.

HUGH J. PAUL,

Manager for the Ocean Accident General and Guarantee Corporation Ltd.

M. A. P. is edited by T. P. O'Connor, M.P., and is specially notable for the accuracy and completeness of its social information. Double Birthday Number this week.

OLD MEN MADE YOUNG.

THERE are two kinds of age. One is old age proper, the other premature old age.

With the former everybody is aware from contact and association with friends and relations, and by the unacknowledged intercourse of the streets.

In premature old age, which occurs chiefly between thirty and fifty, many of these conditions are present, even though the hair—the sign which most of us who are not doctors regard as the first indication of advancing age—still retains its colour, and is unstreaked with grey. Under such circumstances the appetite is lost, digestion becomes a source of extreme concern, for the taking of food is followed by certain discomfort, and almost certain pain, the heart beats feebly, the habitual occupation becomes a burden, the night becomes a torment from inability to sleep, and the day a weariness through inability to work. Such people are a burden to themselves no less than to their friends, just as are those of much greater age who have acquired the symptoms of old age by what might be regarded as their right from having lived so long.

But whether old age comes early, before it is due, or comes late, as it does to some favoured few, it can be cured.

It is electricity which works this wonder, as it has worked so many modern miracles in other directions.

Of the value of electricity as a general tonic to the body, most people are fully aware. To be efficacious, it must be applied to the head, so as to influence the brain by improving the nutrition of that organ, and, from its better working, increasing the nutrition of the whole body, which is gradually brought back to the normal condition, and that without having recourse to drugs of any sort.

It is remarkable, too, the ease and rapidity with which it is done, for a month or six weeks is all that is necessary to give for the average case, especially of premature old age. Nor must all this time be waited for to see results, for a week or two after the commencement of such treatment the effect begins to be seen.

The body begins to be erect, the stooping back straightens, the shuffling gait improves, indigestion begins to vanish, sleep begins to come, and with this improvement comes a renewed interest in the affairs of life.

Only the other day an actor, whose popularity has been great, and whose name has been well-known to London and provincial audiences for thirty years and more, adopted this treatment with such good results

that, although he is nearly seventy, he exclaimed after a few applications, "I no longer crawl, I walk."

The application of electricity, however, cannot be made by anyone ignorant of the method, but must, as can be quite readily understood, be undertaken by one well skilled in its manipulation. In such hands not only is the ultimate result great, but the immediate application is not only devoid of any suggestion of pain, but produces a highly pleasurable and soothing sensation.

One pole of the battery is held in the hand by a suitable apparatus, while the other is connected to a large electrode, and is placed over the forehead. When the electricity is turned on a slight pricking is felt accompanied by a soothing sensation which almost woos the patient to sleep, and although the current is kept on only for a few minutes, he becomes so refreshed that he is able to work for the rest of the day without fatigue, and with increased energy and vitality.

SCHOOL TEACHER: "Yes, my children, always remember there is no human love equal to a mother's love."

Little Girl: "Womens love their childrens better than their husbands, don't they?"

"Very often."

"Yes, indeed. When we gets the hiccoughs mamma gets sorry and tries to cure 'em, but when papa gets the hiccoughs she gets cross."

Result of the "Tea-pot" Competition.

THE twenty-five successful competitors in this competition have each been awarded a penknife:

J. Howell, Copper Works, East Moors, Cardiff; J. Fenwick, Walker Gate, Walker-on-Tyne; Miss M. L. Collins, 9 Trevelyan Street, Eccles; F. Hawkins, Steale House, Tyndall's Park Road, Bristol; W. J. Davey, 115 Basingham Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.; Jas. Bagley, 123 Cambridge Road, Southport; C. Laurence, Marine House, Liverpool Street, Dover; E. Burden, Ingleside, Edgbarton Road, Smethwick; R. Parria, 47 Devonshire Road, Croydon; W. H. Hodges, 44 Western Street, Swansea; Geo. Brooks, c/o Mr. Eardley, 3 St. Mary's Row, Birmingham; J. McEwan, 33 Prince Albert Buildings, Edinburgh; L. E. Newham, 75 Chiswell Street, E.C.; F. M. Burd, 23 Hibbert Street, Rusholme, Manchester; Geo. Robinson, 8 Beech Street, Lancaster; A. G. Boyce, 78 Leawin Road, Stoke Newington; Mrs. J. Cubley, Grosvenor House, Shaftesbury; T. K. Farr, jun., 34 Queen's Road, Brighton; Mrs. Gibson, 27 Fernhurst Road, Fulham, S.W.; J. H. Hawkins, 43 Fairfield Street, Accrington, Lancs.; F. W. Nicholls, Wyndham Street, Bridgend; J. Cheyne, 5 Sunnyside Road, Aberdeen; G. Plumley, 5 Somerset Square, Redcliff, Bristol; J. W. Lidgard, 77 Day Street, Hull; F. Holland, 7 Birchfield Terrace, Birchfield Road, Aston, Birmingham.

"IF . . ."

A LITTLE, tiny word, but of vast importance!

If mirrors portrayed us as others see us we shouldn't use them.

If the wind does whistle occasionally, it never tackles popular airs.

If a girl's father objects to a young man's suit, he should change tailors.

If you have a hair-raising story to tell always spring it on a bald-headed man.

If you give a man grass-seed, he's sure to come round later on and borrow your lawn-mower.

If the lion and the lamb ever lie down together, the lamb will probably be missing when the lion gets up.

If all the candidates for matrimonial bliss could only see some of the blisters, how many would pause at the very church door—if they only knew!

[If you keep on like this, you'll soon fill a page.—Ed. P.W.]

If the editor of P.W. was not such a hard-hearted, obdurate, unsympathetic, unreasonable individual, the reader would be able to revel in many a gem of poetry and prose that is now withering in the depths of the waste-paper basket.

If the subscriptions to the Fresh Air Fund came in faster than they could be acknowledged, there would be no need for this appeal.

If you will kindly send along your mite, there will be an end to our troubles.

If you don't we shall have to keep on bombarding you all through the summer.

There's one thing about the P.W. articles—some of them are sure to stick.

"Silence is golden," so they say; not necessarily—silver and copper are fairly good substitutes.

Send along your hush-money. You must part with your shekels if you want us to keep the peace!

"WEETCH! There's a letter in your coat pocket I gave you to post three months ago."

"It can't be possible, my dear."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I'm pretty sure I haven't had that coat more'n ten weeks."

"THEY say that Nell Gadleigh has broken off her engagement with Harry Hippleston."

"Yes, she says he was so affectionate that he wearied her."

"Oh! if that was all, why didn't she just marry him and have done with the wearisome part of it?"

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TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING. See 111d. Guide (250 pages), 3d. How to open a cigar store, £20 to £200. Tobaccoists' Outfitting Co., 10, Finsbury Rd., London. The largest and original house (50 yrs. reputation). Mgr. H. Myers

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HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

To Get Rid of Ants throw powdered flowers of sulphur freely into their favourite haunts.

When Cooking Fresh Fruit add a little salt, as it greatly improves the flavour; this is especially noticeable in pies.

For Enamelling Tin Boxes I should advise your using any reliable enamel to be bought of a good ironmonger. (Reply to WRITER.)

For Fruit Ices. Take a pint of ripe fruit, six ounces of caster sugar, and if the fruit is very sweet, the juice of a lemon. Pound the fruit with the sugar, rub through a fine hair sieve. Mix gradually with one pint of custard or cream and freeze. (Reply to IPSWICH.)

Art Muslin Curtains should be Washed in a lather of cold water, they will probably be spoilt if put into warm. If they are green add a little vinegar, if lilac or pink a little ammonia. Salt will set the colours of black and white muslin.

A Good Fish Sauce. Put into a sauce-pan half an ounce of butter, and when it has melted, stir into it the same quantity of flour. When quite mixed, add half a pint of milk, or, if possible, one-third-cream to two parts of milk. Stir all the time. When it boils, season with salt and pepper, and serve.

When Washing Windows, use a sponge, and then polish with newspapers, which will do the work beautifully without leaving dusty streaks. Ammonia dissolved in the water gives the glass a much clearer look than soap. Always remove the dust from the corners with a piece of whalebone before washing.

Antwerp Roll. Pass one pound each of pork and veal through a mincing machine. Season it with a pinch of grated nutmeg and a little chopped onion, add the rind of a lemon finely grated. Beat an egg and add it to the meat, form it into a long roll on a baking-tin, scatter breadcrumbs on the top, and pour over run butter. Bake for three-quarters of an hour. Serve with brown gravy.

Lime Juice and Glycerine for the hair is a good old-fashioned remedy which should be more widely used now if people desire good thick hair. Prepare it by mixing half a pint of lime juice, quarter of a pint of rosewater, two ounces of glycerine, two ounces of rectified spirit, and thirty drops of oil of lemon. This will keep well, and should be rubbed thoroughly into the scalp once or twice a week.



GIRLS

Here are Two
CHARMING COSTUMES
FOR THE SEASIDE.

PAPER PATTERNS
of either can be had

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

See this Week's
"HOME NOTES."

The FASHION SUPPLEMENT
contains the fullest instructions as
to cutting out and making up.

"Are Men or Women More
Constant?"

See HOME NOTES this week.



To Flavour Custard use leaves of the peach-tree, a few at a time, and remove before the custard is cool. This gives a delicate almond flavour.

Your Embossed Plush, if in good condition, and sent to a good chemical cleaner, who will return it as good as new. (Reply to BEEHIVE.)

The Way to Cook Vegetable Marrow so as to preserve its flavour is to cook it whole, with the skin on. To serve, cut in half, then into neat pieces, removing the skin.

To Whiten the Hands. Mix together two ounces of eau de Cologne, two ounces of lemon juice, six ounces of powdered brown Windsor soap. When hard it will be an excellent soap for whitening the hands. (Reply to J. D.)

Imperial Nectar. Pour one gallon and a half of boiling water on to one pound and a quarter of loaf sugar, one ounce of beat ginger, one ounce of lemon-juice. When quite cold, strain and ferment with one ounce of yeast. Then bottle, secure the corks carefully, and drink after twenty-four hours.

To Clean Silk. By far the most satisfactory plan is to send the silk to some good cleaner, but, if you prefer to undertake the cleaning of it yourself, you may try the effect of sponging the dirty parts with water in which potatoes have been boiled. I am sorry you have not been answered before, but I have a great many letters each week, and must, of course, reply to them in order. (Reply to B. DUVAL.)

Rice Cream is always appreciated with stewed fruit or custard. Boil one quart of milk with the grated rind of half a lemon and sugar to taste. Mix four ounces of ground rice smoothly with a little cold milk, and stir the boiling milk into it. Boil all together in a double saucepan till the rice tastes cooked, stirring all the while. Pour into a mould, and when cold turn out and serve with custard or stewed fruit poured round.

Swimming should be indulged in by all who can face the plunge into deep baths or sea. Mothers of children should be careful to give their families the advantage of a few swimming lessons, whenever an opportunity occurs. How helpless those feel, who know not how to swim, and who witness some child fall into deep water, and have nobody at hand to help! We constantly read of brave folks who have saved life through their knowledge of swimming.

Boned Shoulder of Lamb is quite as economical as the usual roast shoulder is extravagant, and is very tasty if prepared as follows: Make some good veal stuffing, take the bone out of the shoulder, and lay the meat flat on a board. Arrange a good layer of the stuffing on the inside, make into a long roll, sew up the edges, and bind round with a piece of tape. Roast in the ordinary manner, basting well, and serve with good gravy and mint sauce.

Mince Cutlets, if carefully fried and served with tomato sauce, are very popular. Mince finely sufficient cold roast mutton to measure a pint, add half as much fine breadcrumbs, a gill of thick tomato pulp, a dessertspoonful of curry powder, a teaspoonful of finely chopped onion, salt and pepper to taste. Add a beaten egg to which a tablespoonful of gravy is added. Form all into small thick cakes, of cutlet form, brush over with beaten egg, dip into breadcrumbs, and fry in deep fat till a golden brown colour. Drain very dry, and serve.

To Tan a Tennis Net. As you have made such a good net during the winter, I should decidedly tan it. Proceed as directed below, and you will have good results. Boil two pounds and a half of good, old tan in rain water for half-an-hour. Then filter and press the residue, and you should have about three gallons and a half for use. Place this in an earthenware or copper vessel (not iron), immerse the net in this fluid, and let it brew for forty-eight hours. Constantly turn the net during the process. Then wring it out, wash it, wring again, and dry in the air. (Reply to DAVIS.)

Roman Chicken is a delicious dish. Take a raw fowl and divide it into neat joints, season them with pepper, salt, chopped parsley, and lemon juice. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying-pan, make very hot, add the chicken, two thinly-sliced onions, and fry till a golden brown. This will take about a quarter of an hour. Stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, half a pint of stock, with the same quantity of tomato pulp. Cook the fowl gently till it is tender, then take it up and keep hot. Pass the liquor through a sieve, reheat, and add a little tarragon vinegar, with other seasonings to taste. Set the meat in a circle on a dish; in the centre have boiled peas or boiled macaroni. Pour the sauce over the meat and round. Garnish with chopped parsley and serve.

When Putting Away Knives, clean carefully, fully, rub over with sweet oil and wrap in paper, a fold between each blade. (Reply to DAVIS.)

To Make Vanilla Essence. Take the vanilla pod, and with a sharp knife cut it across into short lengths and place in a wide-mouthed bottle. Cover this with brandy if you wish strong essence, and if too strong add more brandy. (Reply to INQUIRER.)

When Making a Fricassee of Fowl put it aside in a basin with the prepared sauce for three or four hours before serving, so that the pieces of chicken may be thoroughly impregnated with the sauce. This applies equally to rabbit and game.

Before Taking your Nauseous Medicine chew a bit of orange or lemon-peel, or a clove, and the disagreeable taste will not be noticed. Persons suffering from nausea can often take beef tea if before and after taking it they suck a slice of lemon. (Reply to DENBIGH READER.)

Good Milk should have these properties: It should be of a slightly yellowish colour, not blueish, and a greasy film should adhere to the glass containing it. It must be absolutely sweet. On boiling, no disagreeable odour should be given off with the steam, and no thickening should take place. After standing for some time in a glass bottle, no sediment should appear. (Reply to DOVE COLOUR.)

To Pickle Onions. Soak the onions in salt and water for a week, when you should drain them and peel with a bone or silver knife. Then put them into more salt and water for another week, after which wash them clear, and stand all night in cold water. In the morning dry the onions on a cloth thoroughly. Arrange in jars, and pour over enough hot vinegar, well spiced, to cover them. Cork tightly, and cover with skin. (Reply to BUDE READER.)

How to Cool a Sick-Room in Hot Weather is a question many of us are puzzled over at different times. The dexterous management of the common window blind to form a shade, is what I wish to draw attention to. Lower the upper sash and let the blind fall outside it, and to keep it into position and prevent its tearing, pass the tassel cord beneath the lower sash. If this does not cool the room sufficiently, try damping the window blind. Those who have a garden syringe will find it invaluable for this purpose.

Rock Cakes. Necessary ingredients: one pound of flour, six ounces of butter, or clarified dripping, six ounces of sugar, six ounces of currants, two eggs, half a pint of warm milk, in which a teaspoonful of powdered carbonate of ammonia has been dissolved, a teaspoonful of baking powder. First mix the baking powder and currants with the flour. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar, beat again, then the beaten eggs, and add gradually to the dry ingredients. Mix lightly with a fork and drop small pieces on to a tin to look rocky. Bake in a quick oven. The tin should be greased before the cakes are dropped on to it. (Reply to DANTZIG.)

Australian Spiced Mutton is a dish which everybody should give a trial. Buy the meat a week before it is to be cooked, and the best joint for this recipe is a good shoulder. First bone the joint and rub it with four ounces of the coarsest brown sugar, mixed with a dessertspoonful of powdered cloves, half that quantity of pepper and mace, and a fourth part as much of ginger. The following day add four ounces of salt. Keep the mutton turned, and rub occasionally with the pickle for eight or ten days, then roll it up tightly and bind it with wide tape. It should be wrapped in a cloth, and boiled slowly till thoroughly cooked. Then take up the meat, place it on a clean dish under a board with a weight on it till cold. To serve remove all fat, brush over with glaze, and garnish. *Isobel*

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Lemonade

Be sure that you get Eiffel Tower Lemonade when you ask for it, as its great success has brought out inferior imitations that only cause disappointment. If you cannot get it from your Grocer, send 4½d. to the makers, G. Foster Clark & Co., 27 Eiffel Tower Factory, Maidstone, they will send you a bottle post free by return. A second bottle will not be supplied by the firm, but must be obtained of Grocers, Chemists, or Stores.

2 Gallons for 4½d.

The firm have adopted the following novel method to induce everybody to try their Lemonade. The first fifty letters opened every day not only have the Lemonade sent by return post, but the stamps are also returned to the fortunate applicants. In this way—

300 BOTTLES ARE GIVEN AWAY WEEKLY.

WHITE SHIRTS fitted with our REVERSIBLE CUFFS

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WEAR TWICE AS LONG as ordinary Shirts.

This shows the Cuff the first day.



Their economic advantages are apparent at a glance. By permitting the shirts to be worn twice with absolutely fresh cuffs each time they reduce the laundry bill by one half, and the shirts with less frequent washing wear twice as long. The invention has commended itself to hundreds of thousands of customers all over the World.

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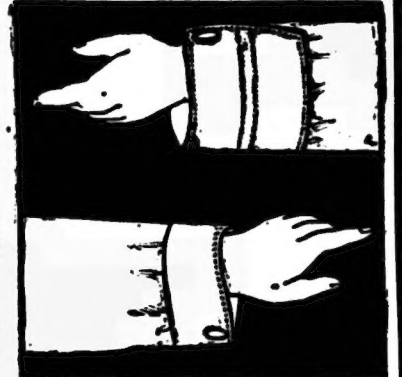
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NOW YOU KNOW.

WEARY WILLY asks: "Can you give any reason for the fact that a cigar or pipe smoked in the dark loses much of its flavour?"—I believe that the generally accepted theory is that when all the senses are in play each sense is more active than it would be were it doing duty alone—that is to say if the eye ceases to work, the palate and nose become dulled. To express it more figuratively, the eye is endowed with a rudimentary power of smell, and in the dark loses not only sight but this rudimentary power. Another theory propounded is that unless a man can see the smoke rising from his pipe or cigar he fails to extract from it the fullest enjoyment. This accounts in some measure for the failure of the majority of blind men to appreciate tobacco.

ST. MUNGO writes: "I have a pretty fair circle of friends, and consequently, I am always getting invited to some social gathering or other. Now, so long as I have the privilege of being acquainted with those present, I can generally make myself very lively, but when I find myself among strangers, I am terribly reserved, and although I exert myself and try to say something agreeable, I find that I can only ejaculate a few pleasant remarks. In fact, I am quite a dullard. How can you account for this state of affairs?"

Your case is not so uncommon as you seem to think. The reservedness is accounted for by the fact that amongst your own friends you know exactly what to say and how they will take it, and you feel in a position to let your tongue loose. Surrounded by strangers your lack of judgment prevents you from venturing on more than ordinary topics. If you were a judge of human nature, and could sum up your new acquaintances in a few minutes, discern exactly what their likes and dislikes are and their favourite topics of conversation, you would, if you had any conversational powers at all, be able to carry on an easy and comfortable talk. Placed as you are, however, discreet silence is highly commendable; for, as you will readily understand, to carry on before strangers as you do in the presence of your friends would be, to say the least of it, indiscreet.

A YOUNG lady reader, whose initials are M. M. R., waxeth sarcastic. She sends me a cutting from P.W. entitled "A Church Choir of Birds," and attached to it is a note which runs: "The contents of this packet will greatly assist in the digestion of the inclosed cutting." On opening the carefully sealed packet in question, I discovered several grains of salt. My sense of humour permits me to fully appreciate the joke, the point of which, however, is considerably blunted, in view of the fact that the statements to which M. M. R. takes objection are absolutely correct.

CURIOSLY enough, the next letter I pick up is from another lady living not a hundred miles from Liverpool. She says that the other day she left over £1,000 worth of jewels in a railway carriage. I confess that this statement took my breath away, until on reading further I discover that this serious loss was to be accounted for by the fact that the compartment had contained half a dozen ladies, bedecked in gems and other precious stones, on their way to the theatre, and that when my correspondent got out at her station, she naturally left the jewels behind her. Ladies, have some consideration, please, for the highly-strung nerves of your feeble old editor.

VENTA SILURUM asks whether a copper coin, if placed on the side of an iron ship, would, in the course of time, wear a hole in the iron.—Yes, such is the case. When two metals of opposite character are under the action of a saline solution, as, for instance, sea water, one of the metals decomposes, owing to the electrical action which is thereby set up, the two metals forming the electrodes. The example you give would place the metals and the sea water on the basis of a practical electrical battery, with the result as stated.

I AM sorry to say that it was necessary the other day for me to peremptorily discharge one of the hundred and fifty young men engaged in the publishing office of this establishment, and when I tell you my reason for doing so, I am sure that you will appreciate the justice of the action. One of the characteristics which have made Pearson's publishing office famous is politeness without officiousness. Recently, however, a benevolent old gentleman came up to the counter and said to my late employé: "I have just seen your paper for the first time. I like it, and I want to get three copies of it for a week back." The reply he got was: "Don't you think that a porous plaster would be more efficacious?" It took the remaining 149 young men three hours and a half to explain to the dear old gentleman that his offender was still under age and was foolishly endeavouring to qualify for the position of joke editor of P.W. And so the three copies were sold.

H. B.—In the days of the Romans it was customary for a lover, doubtful of the return of his affection, to throw liquor on the ground, and if it gave a good flash it was considered lucky. Hence, perhaps, is an origin of the custom you mention of persons flinging the remaining drops out of a pot or glass.

JUST a word of warning to our readers. Some of you may have asked your newagent for copies of Pearson's Penny Books, and may not have been able to obtain them. Various excuses may have been offered you. There should be no excuse of any kind necessary, however. Some foolish booksellers and newagents are endeavouring to stop the sale of our penny books, fearing these cheap productions will hurt the more expensive books. Insist on having what you want, no matter who your newagent may be, or take your custom elsewhere. The books we have already published are: "How to be Happy though Married," "Toxin" (by Onida), "Helen's Babies," and "Diana's Hunting." Sixty-four pages each. One penny each. Others to follow.

V. L. P. writes: "I am an auctioneer's clerk, one of my duties being to collect rents. In a certain row of houses in the old town of Southend, the names of the tenants read: No. 1, Smith; No. 2, Smith; No. 3, Brown; No. 4, Brown; No. 5, Robinson; No. 6, Smith. In this part of the world, Jones is by no means a common name; in fact, although our tenants number between 300 and 400, amongst these the name of Jones does not occur once."

NUMEROUS correspondents have been writing regarding the article on Posthumous Charity, the most interesting, perhaps, being that from H. S. R., who points out that, quite apart from the question whether such charity is charity at all—inasmuch as it involves no self-denial—there is a further aspect of the subject to be considered in the case, concerning the beneficence of the middle classes. The virtue is frequently exercised at the expense of persons other than the donor. Where the testator is very wealthy, his gifts of charity cannot be felt by his successors, but when a man is only moderately well off, and leaves behind him a large family mainly dependent upon the provision he makes for them, the gift by him to charities of five hundred pounds, or even one hundred pounds, may prove a very distinct hardship on his next-of-kin. If a man out of the kindness of his heart deny himself in order to benefit his less fortunate fellow men, then he is exercising true charity; but if he give out of that which he can himself no longer enjoy, then he cannot be said to possess the greatest of all virtues, but rather is seeking for that which costs him nothing.—All of which is good, wholesome sense. At the same time it is better, under certain circumstances, that an aggregation of wealth should be conferred on some public institution, where it will benefit the many, rather than fall into the hands of a favoured few who, perchance, may use it solely for their own enjoyment.

I. W. O. asks if, in publishing the "Angel of the Revolution" in **SHORT STORIES**, we shall cut out any of the portions which originally appeared in *Pearson's Weekly*, as we were compelled to do by the Russian Censorship when the story appeared in book form.—No, we shall not mutilate it in any way. Moreover it will be embellished with striking illustrations, which will lend additional interest to the now famous narrative.

T. C. F. T. points out that another word used by the Americans, which is longer than that used amongst us for the same article, is "suspenders," instead of "braces."

R. R. writes to apologise and make reparation for a wrong he imputed to P.W. "It was in this way," he writes. "I was reading P.W.'s very able essay on 'The Soap at Home,' when it suddenly flashed through my mind that there would be a tag to the article stating that Jeyes' Fresh Air Soap was a good soap and innocent of the impish tricks and freaks referred to in the article. Now, I was assured that soap can no more change its nature than a leopard can his spots. Of course, I was wrong in my deductions, therefore I apologise and send the following genuine testimonial for the Fresh Air Soap: A fellow who uses this soap told me he had travelled with it hundreds of miles, and that it had never escaped. In fact, he still had the same cake he bought two months ago!"—No; Fresh Air Soap is perfectly tame. It costs twopence-halfpenny a bar, a farthing of which goes to the **FRESH AIR FUND**—which is good for the F.A.F. But there's no need to make each piece last two months. It sounds so bad.

POSSIBLY my readers will remember the charming poem which recently appeared in P.W., entitled "If I Had Known," the first verse of which ran:

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said ere you went away,
I had been more patient, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and tone
We may never take back again.

This poem was written by Mrs. Roberts, of 71 Peckham Rye, S.E., and is published as a song by Messrs. Weekes and Co., of Hanover Street, W. The music, by George Augustus Holmes, is equally charming, and the song may be obtained from either of the addresses given for 1s. 4d. Mrs. Roberts has kindly offered to pay 10s. to the **FRESH AIR FUND** for every hundred copies sold, so that if you feel you cannot afford a cash contribution, you can, at least, send for this song, and so benefit the Fund in an indirect fashion.

I WANT to get the names and addresses of one thousand persons who will endeavour to collect £1 or more every year on behalf of the Fund. It is not a very large amount to get hold of, but when one thousand sovereigns are put together, the sum means a treat for about 25,000 children. Will those readers who feel they would like to enrol themselves in this way, please send word to me, and collecting sheets shall be forwarded to them.

It is pretty generally understood that the men of H.M. Navy have a soft spot where children are concerned, and this week I make a special appeal to them to do what they can in the way of collecting among their comrades. Now, you good sailor men, don't let me appeal in vain on behalf of the children.

£1,000 up! Good! This ought to stimulate you to great deeds. Send along your ninepences, and we shall soon be into the second thousand.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £921 14s. 9½d.

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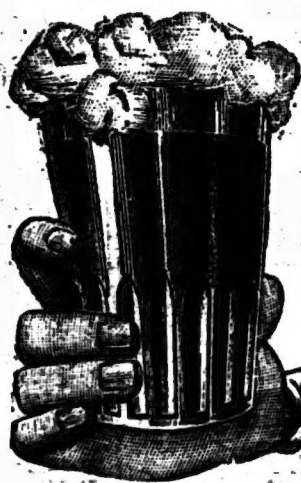
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